



VOL. IV. No. 1.

GREENSBORO, N. C., for the Week Ending January 8, 1859.

{ Whole No. 154.

THE OLD MAN AND THE SEA.

BY GEO. W. COTHMAN.

Come my child along with me,
To the bank o' the sounding sea.

Winds are meanin' o'er the main,
Wavelets sigh a sad refrain.

Wavelets are unto the sea,
Just as thou O! child to me.

Th' sea is sad and so am I,
Though all golden is the sky.

Man on earth is ne'er content,
And the sea is turbulent.

Th' sea like man is full of glee,
Or moans like him, with misery.

Nature e'er is full of pain,
Witness man, likewise the main.

Our Historical Gallery.

GENERAL GREENE.

FIRST PAPER.

WHEN a man has become highly distinguished by his discoveries in science, or by his services in some great crisis of his country's safety and progress, we feel an instinctive desire to know all about his history, the time and place of his birth, the means by which his powers were developed and the circumstances and influences under which his character was formed; but often these were so far beyond the foresight or control of man that we must refer them to the workings of a higher power.

The people of this country, with perhaps, some very rare exceptions, profess to believe in an overruling Providence that is ever controlling the agencies and directing the affairs of this world to a final result of surpassing grandeur and magnificence; but in nothing is the divine interposition more manifest than in the fact that the very kind of men needed for any signal emergency or for accomplishing any great purpose of general beneficence, are always ready at the proper time and prepared for their work. This may be and often is too much overlooked, for men, in their pride and fondness for self exaltation, are apt to claim for themselves the credit of whatever they possess or have been enabled to achieve; yet the fact is so important in itself and so obvious to a thoughtful observer that, in times of great trial or calamity, it is readily admitted. These statements might be amply confirmed by a careful attention to all those great events which have formed epochs in history, such as the deliverance of the Israelitish nation from their bondage in Egypt; the advent of Christ; the destruction of Jerusalem; the Reformation from Popery; and the American revolution—for that long and arduous struggle which fairly commenced in 1776 and resulted in our freedom and independence, is properly termed a Revolution. It completely overturned the monarchical government, under which we had been hitherto living and entirely changed the condition and prospects of the country. True, it was the result and the necessary result of principles which, under an extraordinary course of Providential circumstances had been long maturing and developing; but so was every revolution or change for the better that has ever taken place in government, the result of sound principles which had been long maturing, were well understood by the people, and the evolution and establishment of which was eventually rendered inevitable by an adequate combination of favorable circumstances.

When the American colonies had been prepared by increasing numbers and by the intolerable burdens which their oppressors were laying upon them, by the hardships of an unbroken wilderness, by their perilous conflicts with savage men

and beasts of prey, and by repeated struggles with foreign enemies, to sever the ties which had bound them to the mother country and to take their place among the nations of the earth, just the men who were needed seemed to start up at once and to come forward from all classes, in sufficient numbers and ready armed for the contest, as Minerva is said to have sprung from the head of Jupiter, in full panoply and with patriotic hearts, ready to dare and to do what ever their country, their honor and the welfare of posterity demanded. Numberless revolutions in government had been attempted and some of them, for a time, promised to be successful, as in Greece and Rome, France and most of the other European States; but they were partial in their effects and transient in their duration, being, in fact, little more than spasmodic efforts, not sustained by principle nor guided by wisdom. That we succeeded so completely and so gloriously, while they failed so sadly and so ignobly, was owing partly to the all important fact that ours was the result of sound and well matured principles and to the no less important fact that we had the right kind of men in every department, men of integrity and firmness, men who were swayed neither by passion nor self interest, but by conscience and an enlightened patriotism; men who could be neither instigated by a spirit of revenge nor betrayed into fatal indiscretions by insults or provocations, but who soberly, deliberately and honestly fought for freedom and identified their own with their country's welfare.

Among the patriotic heroes of our Revolution, who distinguished themselves by their military services and have a strong claim on the gratitude of their country, was NATHANIEL GREENE, who, without any advantages of education, wealth, or family connections, raised himself solely by the soundness of his principles, the energy of his character and the vigor of his intellectual powers to a grade of military rank and ability second only to him who then stood as he has ever since stood in the view of the world as well as of his countrymen, unrivalled and unequalled.

Of many, who, at that day, sacrificed much, suffered more and did good service to their country, we know almost nothing and of some, even their names are forgotten; but it was not so with Greene. By the industry and pains-taking of such men as Caldwell, Johnson and others, ample materials have been furnished; and the task of the historian or biographer is now to select, arrange and condense or expand as he chooses. He could boast no titled ancestry, no progenitors who had rendered themselves illustrious in any department, and his only ancestral recollections were those of truth and sobriety, industry and economy, and an honest and an earnest lover of freedom. From the first, America ignored the claims of hereditary rank and left all men to stand by their own merits or fall for the want of them. The Greene family, with which we are now concerned, are said to have been of English origin and to have emigrated to this country at an early period of New England colonization. The date of their emigration and the place of their first settlement are not well known but John Greene, the protosire of the family, so far as we have its history, must have removed to the region now known as Rhode Island, soon after its settlement by Roger Williams. Johnson says he went with Sam'l Gorton, an honest hearted but impulsive man, who fled with a few followers, in 1640, from persecution in Boston, to seek an asylum on the west side of Narragansett Bay. From this it appears that John Greene was one of those who, at that early day and far in advance of Christendom, main-



GEN. NATHANIEL GREENE.

tained that no human authority can interfere with conscience, or dictate to others what they must believe or how they must worship. The land on which they settled he obtained, like an honest man, by fair purchase from the Indians and the title-deeds are still in possession of the family. The land thus obtained from the Indians and since rendered famous as the birth place of an illustrious descendant, the revolutionary hero of the South, lay in the township of Warwick and near the mouth of a creek which to this day bears the Indian name of Potowhomut. On this creek, in process of time, a mill was erected, and on its banks an anchor forge and a blacksmith shop were established. Soon there arose also a plain but comfortable stone dwelling, one story high and in the style of the olden times.

All this, we may suppose, was about on a par with a large proportion of common farmers then in the country and the family with their accommodations and employments were on a level with the respectable class of the community around them. In that plain old fashioned stone house, on the banks of the Potowhomut creek, the subject of this sketch was born, May 27th, 1742. There he spent the formative period of his life; and there, amidst the toil and drudgery of the farm, the mill and the forge, without any means of mental improvement except what he procured for himself, and without any incentives to study except such as were furnished by the strong and undying instincts of a superior mind, he laid the foundations of a usefulness that surpasses computation and of a renown that will only increase with the lapse of time. If in connection with the times, we consider the character and circumstances of young Greene's father, we can readily understand how his youth would be employed, what principles would be inculcated and under what influences he would be trained. His father was a rigid Quaker and a preacher of considerable notoriety and weight of character in the religious community to which he belonged. At what time or by what means Quakerism gained an influence over the family or any portion of them, we are not informed; but old John Greene was hardly a Quaker, or, if he was, he must have laid aside, for the occasion, his drab and his broad brim, when he and ten or eleven others, under Gorton, made such a brave resistance to the troops, sent by Gov. Winthrop, to take them, dead or alive, and carry them to Boston for trial. They were eventually overpowered by numbers and torn from their families, like as many outlaws and in the dead of winter. Greene's wife with several other women and probably some children are said to have perished in the snow; but the people sympathized with them and, thro' their influence, they were soon dismissed

without charge and returned to their friends and possessions.—These persecutions, for conscience' sake, may have had their influence in turning his mind to that sect whose motto is peace and friendship, and in determining him to join their fraternity; but be that as it may, Gen. Greene's father, the third in the line of descent from old John, was, at the time of which we are writing, a Quaker of the strictest sect and was regarded by the society as one of most exemplary character.

This old Quaker preacher has always been represented as austere in his manners and extremely rigid in his domestic discipline. No doubt he was strict, uniformly and consistently so; but he had the feelings of a parent and the self command of a Quaker. If he had something of the Spartan character in his family government, it was owing more to the time and the country in which he lived than to any severity of disposition. Under the despotisms of Europe, especially during the latter reigns of the Stuart dynasty, the sternness of command seems to have pervaded every department where authority was exercised. Then, the licentiousness and prostration of morals so general in the land made it necessary that religious parents should be very absolute in requiring a strict obedience on the part of their children and domestics and in punishing every aberration from the line of duty. These principles and habits were brought by the Pilgrims to this western wilderness and were dominant for generations. They were indispensable, too, in a course of disciplinary preparation for the revolutionary struggle and should never be overlooked in its history; moreover these sentiments and practices were sanctioned by the highest authority. Solomon had said—as old Greene well knew: *He that spareth the rod hateth his son*; and on this the common maxim was founded, "Spare the rod and spoil the child." The value of this discipline, though apparently severe, soon became manifest and its results are still unfolding. He was twice married: the first wife left him two sons; and the other, Mary Mott, left him six, the second of whom became so distinguished in subsequent life. His childhood was not materially different, we presume, from that of many others who never rose above the common mass; and yet there was a kind of presentment or expectation in the family that he would be no ordinary man, which was founded, it is said, on a prediction of the attending physician at his birth and whether serious or jocose, was ever after firmly believed. At that day and for long ages, as our readers probably know, the whole civilized world had an implicit belief in Astrology, or in the feasibility of foretelling the future character and destiny of a child by the relative position of the stars at his birth; though the belief was now slowly giving way, it was still prevalent among the uneducated; and the attending physician on such occasions, had never done his duty until he had "cast the horoscope" and predicted the child's future course. At the auspicious birth of young Greene, Doct. Spencer was the presiding genius; and when he saw the robust and healthy appearance of the child, he remarked that *he would some day be a great man in Israel*. Whether this was his serious belief or was intended merely as a playful compliment, to the parents, it was confidently believed by the family and may have had a salutary effect on him in elevating his hopes and in giving energy and perseverance to his efforts. At all events, some of the family confidently expected that he would be a signal defender of their faith and others strangely enough, believed that he would be a great military man.

But leaving these incidents and fan-

cies to pass for what they are worth, it will be more profitable to notice the circumstances in which his early life was spent and the incipient unfolding of those powers which afterwards became so vigorous and so efficient. Having lost his mother when yet a child, and having thus been deprived of the care and sympathy which none but a mother can give, he was left to the protection of his father to and the attentions of a humble but genteel housekeeper. That honored father, that old Quaker preacher, though stern in his exterior and uncompromising in his requirements had all a parent's tenderness and anxiety for his offspring; but his feelings were controlled by religious principle and his solicitude was directed more to the future than to the present. He lacked information and not good intentions. Industry, temperance and frugality were, in his view, cardinal virtues which must be earnestly inculcated and enforced by all the means in his power. His word was law and the least hesitation to obey was met by a frown or a look that commanded respect. With a firm belief in the Bible which enjoins a proper use of the rod, that instrument was deemed an indispensable auxiliary and every wilful neglect of duty was sure to receive a merited but parental chastigation. Being himself perfectly satisfied with the farm, the mill and the forge, he desired no other occupation for his sons and they were regularly transferred from one to the other as they advanced in age and size. In a word, his highest ambition was to make them acquainted with the Bible and with the common business of life. His fondest wish was to see them "honest Quakers," walking in his steps and respected among their friends as sober, industrious and thriving citizens in the township of Warwick.

This course of training was uniform throughout and consistent with the object to be attained; for regularly as the Lord's day came, he might be seen winding his way to the meeting house at East Greenwich where, for forty years, he held forth the word of life, and followed by his eight sons, fine healthy looking boys, the poor man's wealth, all in the simple costume of their sect and with the quiet gravity which was supposed to become them. Not a vision of their future distinction ever flitted across his mind; but parental hopes are often crossed and as often more than surpassed in another way.

TO BE CONTINUED.

What to Omit.

Never ask the age of a young lady when she passes five and twenty.

Never show a protested bill to a man you wish to borrow money of.

Never expose your poverty to a rich relation if you would have him treat you as a cousin.

Never absent yourself from church, if you have any thought of marrying a rich widow with a religious turn of mind.

Never omit to boast of being a good shot—a candle-snuffer at ten paces—when in the society of backs of blood, if you have any antipathy to fighting a duel.

Never let it come to the ears of a rich and childless relative that you secretly pray for his sudden premature dissolution.

Never speak of the gallows to a man whose father or grandfather has been hanged; nor of the corruption of office holders to a government defaulter.

Never speak of the "time that tried men's souls" to one of Tory ancestry, nor of the battle of New Orleans to one who thinks the army of England invincible.

Never attempt to quiz a man in company who might retort by kicking you down stairs.

Never let your friend know when you drop in to take a friendly dinner with him that, your landlady blocked the game on you because you had not paid your last week's board.

Never take a newspaper without paying for it—it's the shabbiest act you can be guilty of.

Children's Department.



EDITED BY W. R. HUNTER.

"THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND."

"Merry, merry Christmas!"—"I wish you a Happy New Year!" No doubt these words were uttered, lately, by thousands of light-hearted boys and girls as they bounded joyously into the presence of their dear fathers and mothers, eager to be the first to give the pleasant salutation. Your "friend," dear children, though absent, on Christmas and New Year's morning, from his own much loved family group, was present where many merry-hearted little ones made the air musical with these joyful exclamations; and after the happy greetings were over, he retired to his room and took up the pen—one given him by some dear little friends in Georgia—to write a few lines to the youthful readers of the Times about "Merry Christmas," but being interrupted by the calling in of some friends he had to content himself with transcribing a beautiful story from one of the many nice little books, published for children, by the American Tract Society. He hopes from this story his little readers will learn how to make a "Merry Christmas" for themselves and others every year.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

It was Christmas eve, and it was a bitter, bitter night. The snow had been falling steadily all day, and towards night the wind had risen, till it was really fearful to hear it moaning and sighing and howling around the house, as it tore up the masses of snow and flung them against the windows, or threw them into great heaps, like miniature hills and mountains.

Many an old lady, as she sat knitting before her comfortable fire, on hearing a louder, "ereer" of the wind, exclaimed, "God pity the poor this bitter night."—How does God pity the poor? He does not send down bread and meat and warm clothing from heaven to supply their wants, but he puts it into the hearts of their brethren and sisters of the human family to "visit them in their affliction." Ah, the poor ye have always with you, and when ye will, ye may do them good.

The moaning and howling of the wind passed almost unheeded in the brilliant parlor of Mr. M., where a group of happy children were assembled around a Christmas tree, whose top reached to the lofty ceiling, and whose branches, illuminated by many gay-colored wax tapers, hung laden with tokens of affection from one member of the family to another.

It would take me a long time to enumerate the beautiful things which were on the Christmas tree. There were presents for grandmamma and father and mother, made by busy little fingers; there were toys and candies, and baskets and boxes; there were dolls seated among the branches; and hanging from the end of some of the boughs were little purses, with half-dollars in them—presents from grandmamma to each of the children.

After the presents had been distributed, and sufficiently admired, and thanks and kisses had been exchanged, the children engaged in a merry game, in the midst of which little Ellen, who had been running through the folding-doors, came hastily up to her mother, and whispered in her ear.

"Mamma, there is a poor little girl out in the hall by the stove; she seems almost frozen, and when I offered her some of my candy, she thanked me, but said she would rather have a piece of bread. What a strange child, mamma, to like bread better than candy."

"Perhaps, if you had nothing to eat all day, you would like bread better than candy too, Ellen," said her mother, rising to go and speak to the child, the children all following her into the hall.

"Where do you live, my child?" she asked.

"In Fishers-lane, ma'am."

"Are your parents living?"

"Father's been dead a year, ma'am, and mother's lying very sick; she thinks she is going to die."

"Did your mother work when she was well?"

"O yes, ma'am, and I never had to beg a bit, till since mother's been so ill."

"And why did you come out this stormy night?"

"Oh, I've had to take care of mother and the little ones all day; and to-night the landlord—he's a very hard man, ma'am—came in and said, if the rent was not

paid to-night, he would put us all in the street, for another family wanted the room; and mother said there was no way, but for me to come out and try to raise the rent."

"How much do you owe?" asked Mr. M.

"Half a dollar a week we owe, for four weeks, sir."

"Have you any wood?"

"Only some bits I pick up about the street, sir."

"Have you had food to-day?"

"Some bits of dry bread, sir; I could not leave mother to beg food to-day."

A greater contrast could hardly have been presented, than that between the miserably-clad, half-frozen, half-starved little beggar-girl, and the group of bright, happy, gaily-dressed children, with their hands full of beautiful gifts; and a tear stood on the poor child's cheek, as she looked into the cheerful, warm parlor, and thought of the cold, dark room at home, and the sick mother and starving little ones there.

All the time Mrs. M. was questioning the poor child, little Ellen was pulling at her mother's dress; and in every pause in the conversation, she whispered, "Mamma, may I give her my half-dollar? Do, mamma, let me give her my half-dollar."

The children soon perceived that their father was putting on his great coat and socks, and tying up his face, as if preparing for an encounter with the storm. Crowding round him, they exclaimed, "Why, papa, dear papa, are you going out this dreadful night?"

"Then, papa, you will take my half-dollar, to help pay the rent, will you not?" "And mine?" "and mine?" "and mine?" shouted other little voices.

"Yes, children, you shall all have the pleasure and the benefit of giving," said their father. And ordering Patrick to take his hand-sled full of wood, and a basket of provisions, Mr. M. started out with the child, who was now wrapped in a comfortable, warm shawl.

The children were allowed to sit up till their father came home, and much gratified were they to hear that the poor child had told the truth, and that their father had not left the family till they had been made quite comfortable, and Patrick had brought a physician to see the sick woman.

There were at least two happy homes in that village on Christmas-day. "Go thou and do likewise," and you shall receive the blessing of Him who has said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

Now my young friends do you not think little Ellen and her kind-hearted brothers and sisters, all enjoyed "Merry Christmas" much more after aiding their dear father to relieve that distressed family in Fishers-lane?

I think I hear hundreds of little boys and girls exclaim "O yes sir."

And now if you will wait patiently, another week you will find in the Times a beautiful story about the "Happy New-year."

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

The Whisperers.

BY MATILDA.

In a cheerful room together
Sat they closely side by side,
Whispering softly of another
Who was called the village pride.
Strange, sad words they whispered of her—
Dark and terrible to hear—
While the pure recording angel
Turned aside and dropped a tear!

Saying we have done no ill.

But, before the summer died—
Ere the summer's breath was hushed—
Drooped that fair and lovely maiden,
By the world's cold slunder crushed:

Tears were on her white cheek falling
As she wandered on alone
More than life was taken from her—
All that lightened life had flown:

But, the angel always true,
Bent and kissed her as he flew!

And while autumn leaves were falling,
While the chilling winds went by,
NANNIE laid her down to die;
While the whisperers whispered softly,

As they sat beside her bed,
Saying we have done no evil,
We but whispered what was said:
But the angel wrote in heaven
Ye have much to be forgiven.

WAR UPON CRINOLINE.—The French Railway Companies have commenced a war upon crinoline! The great development of ladies' dresses requires such enormous trunks that hereafter, instead of weighing them—the trunks—they will be measured and charged according to the size!—Right.

APPOINTMENT.—Lieutenant Andrew Jackson, United States Army, son of John Jackson, of Petersburg, Va., has been appointed assistant tutor in Spanish at West Point, with a salary of \$2,000.

Stories from the Bible.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Paul before Agrippa.

BY P. RIVINWOOD.

On the eastern Coast of the Mediterranean, sixty-two miles northwest of Jerusalem, may be seen the site where once rose that luxurious city Casarea named by Herod the Great in honor of the Emperor Augustus. As the traveler now sails by, there is nothing to attract the eye, nothing of the beautiful to please the fancy; all that remains to mark its former glory is a mere heap of ruins. Its theatres, once resounding with the shouts of multitudes, re-echo those sounds no longer but in their stead may be heard the cries of animals roaming for their prey. Within the space of a few short years, Casarea from a mere fortress became a place where wealth, elegance and luxury combined their charms, making it one of the most prominent cities of the age.

It was in the year A. D. 60 Porcius Festus the successor of Felix had recently been sent as governor to Judea by the Emperor Nero—this was his favored city—here he held his courts, gathering around him the wealthy and the beautiful, basking in one continued scene of splendor and dissipation.

"Twas early morn, no sound broke the stillness within the many streets—the sun had not yet risen but the East was all aglow with blended hues of saffron and lake. Shortly it rose majestically sending its rays of dazzling gold over the temple of Casarea (which stood near the mouth of the haven, on a rising eminence, a superb structure of white marble)—the theatres, Forum, public buildings and private dwellings all enriched with the choicest works of art and decorated with the most precious stones.

Soon the busy hum of active life began, the Jew had offered up his morning sacrifice, the Roman had worshipped his idol, and the Christian had prayed to his Saviour.—The streets were thronged with human beings on every square were knots of excited individuals, mingled together were the Jew and the Gentile, now and then would rise on the fresh air of morning shouts from the excited crowds, frequently loud bursts of indignant passion would clash upon the ear of the listener as he tarried for a moment on the different streets—at intervals there would dash along bands of Romans soldiers mounted on splendid chargers, scattering the noisy mobs for the time in all directions, like scarlet leaves driven by the winds of Autumn. As the day lengthened, chariots drawn by foaming white steeds, containing persons of rank would fly by all seeming bent in the same direction. It was no common day for this city of pleasure, this could easily be seen on the countenances of the passionate Jews and the more calm and dignified looks of the Gentiles. It was near the garden of Casarea that the greatest crowd had assembled, the chief number of which were Jews with a sprinkling of Christians and Romans.

"I tell thee brother of Israel I fear that Paul will be acquitted by this King Agrippa!" shouted the Jewish orator, Tertullus, who had come from Jerusalem—he stood in the middle of the crowd, he was a tall well formed person, with a long white beard and sharp twinkling eyes dressed in a tunic over which he wore a flowing robe.

"There?" he again cried, "goes a Nazarene," and he pointed to the east of the crowd. "That is Cornelius the Centurion, a convert of Peter's no doubt he is going to see Paul before he enters the Judgment Hall."

At this a great cry was raised, but Cornelius with all the dignity of a King without deigning to notice the insult soon passed away from the uproar of the blood-thirsty Jews.

A short distance from the palace of Casarea stood an elegant structure of beautiful colored marble, within this building was the Judgment Hall where the governor gave audience to the Jews and held all public trials—the outside was lined with Roman soldiers, who stood like statues, on guard, keeping the tumultuous throng at bay. Now and then nobles with their ladies would ascend the high stone steps to the great doorway, and were immediately admitted by the Roman Guard. Soon there sounded a blast from many trumpets which was greeted with cheers by the mob, who rushed like mad fiends toward the Temple. On, on they came, pouring like one mighty stream into the Judgment Hall. Within, the vast room gave out a splendid scene—the arched ceilings, supported by marble columns of varied hues, studded with glittering gold displayed to the eye the appearance of the rainbow; the walls were of a mellow orange, inlaid with precious stones, representing scenes of nature in all their wild beauty; the floor was of tessellated marble—at the end rose a rostrum on which was a throne and other seats, all covered with the richest drapery—the long windows were hung with damask curtains, the whole presenting an appearance magnificent and grand. Seated on the throne was King Agrippa (who was on a visit to Festus, and desired to give Paul a hear-

ing before him.) The gorgeous robes of the King, his glittering crown and breast-plate, seem to out glitter, with indescribable splendor, the full rays of the noon sun. Near him was seated Festus, and his sister Bernice, blazing with jewelry and silks, her elegant form and queenly beauty attracting great attention. The steel spear-heads and polished breast-plates of the Roman soldiers gleamed like flames of fire as they stood amid the dark masses of human heads. A Roman officer stood on the Rostrum, and watching a signal from Festus, waved his hand; in a moment that mighty mass ceased their noise. Festus spoke to the officer in a commanding voice, "I bid thee bring the prisoner, Paul, before the King!"

The officer immediately disappeared; at this, all eyes were directed to a single entrance near the middle of the hall, on the west side; the Soldiers had cleared a space from thence to the front of the rostrum. The officer soon reappeared followed by Paul, bound by a long chain around his right arm, secured to the left arm of a Roman guard. He was of low tenement, and fair complexion, his eyes were of deep grey, with a certain suavity of expression; his nose was gracefully aquiline, his forehead nearly bald, and the hair somewhat silvered with age. He was followed by Cornelius who looked upon him with reverence,—they approached near to the foot of the throne, and Paul with great dignity, saluted the King. Festus arose and addressed the King:

"King Agrippa, and all men which are here present with us, ye see this man about whom all the multitude of the Jews also here, crying that he ought not to live any longer. But when I found he had committed nothing worthy of death, and that he himself had appealed to the Emperor at Rome, I have determined to send him. Of whom I have no certain thing to write unto my lord, wherefore I have brought him before you, and especially because, O King Agrippa, that after examination had, I might have something to write."

Whilst he spoke Paul watched the King with deep interest—Then said the King unto Paul—"Thou art permitted to speak!"

At which he straightened up his figure and placing his keen eyes upon the King he stretched forth his right hand and said in a somewhat low but deep voice, "I think myself happy, King Agrippa, because I shall answer for myself this day before thee, touching all things whereof I am accused of the Jews." After which he paused, the eager gaze of the multitude was bent upon him—and Tertullus who stood near him watched him with deep anxiety—Then in a lower tone he resumed—"Especially, because I know thee to be expert in all the customs and questions which are among the Jews—whereupon I beseech thee to hear me patiently."

He continued to increase in eloquence, addressing the King, and frequently turning to the large audience, his rich-toned voice varying as he warmed up with his theme, and his whole countenance became radiant with emotion, his gestures were graceful and emphatic. Soon he lowered his voice to a deeper tone, and in slow, measured words, he continued:

"Whereupon, as I went to Damascus with authority and commission from the chief priest, at mid-day, oh King! I saw in the way a light from heaven, above the brightness of the sun, shining round about me, and then which journeyed with me. And when we had all fallen to the earth, I heard a voice speaking unto me, and saying in the Hebrew tongue, Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me? it is hard for thee to kick against the pricks. And I said who art thou Lord? And he said I am Jesus whom thou persecutest! As he gave utterance to this last sentence, there was written on his face the deepest fear mingled with unspeakable sorrow. Then continuing for a few minutes, he turned to the audience, his eyes flashing like jets of fire and his face bearing the expression of a hurricane just ready to burst with all its awful fury, pointing at them with his right hand, he exclaimed in tones of thunder, "For these causes these Jews caught me in the temple, and went about to kill me!"

"Having, therefore, and here his expression changed to a somewhat milder form, "obtained help of God, I continued unto this day, witnessing both to small and great, saying, none other things than these which the prophets and Moses did say should come!" He again paused, when Festus with a most dog-like look, shouted to him in a loud voice, "Paul, thou art beside thyself! Much learning doth make thee mad!" He turned to him instantly and fixed upon him his fiery gaze, giving him a look of contempt, then shaking his head with a smile he said:

"I am not mad most noble Festus (?) but speak the words of truth and soberness!"

Then turning to the King,—"For the King knoweth of these things, before whom I also speak freely. For I am persuaded that none of these things are hidden from him, for this thing was not done in a corner." Then he stepped a few feet back, and folding his arms gazed for a moment upon the King, soon he burst forth with,—"King Agrippa, believest thou the

prophets?" He paused and gently shaking his head, with an expression of confidence, he thundered out:

"I KNOW THAT THOU BELIEVEST!"

This appeal to the King was like a shock of electricity to all—the King trembled as if he must fall from his throne, and his face was ashy white. Bernice swooned in the arms of Festus, and the nobles with their ladies seemed struck dumb, while the sea of human heads hardly moved, but appeared lost in amazement. Agrippa after a few seconds said unto Paul, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian."

Then Paul casting his eyes heavenward and throwing up both arms, exclaimed: "I would to God, that not only thou, but all that hear me this day, were both almost and altogether such as I am!"—he pointed with a sorrowful look to his chain—"except these bonds." The vast audience seemed enchanted; no uproar came from them; they were completely silenced by the torrent of his sacred eloquence which had burst forth, like the mountain wind in winter, and borne down everything before it with irresistible rapidity. Tertullus' grandeur had disappeared and he hung his head in shame; but Cornelius with love and pride, gazed upon his beloved friend.

The King arose, also Bernice and Festus, and retired into an ante-chamber and soon returned. The King then addressed the vast audience, "This man doeth nothing worthy of death nor bonds," he then turned to Festus and said, "This man might have been set at liberty if he had not appealed unto Caesar."

He then seated himself. In another second resounded the blast from the trumpets, the huge doors were swung open and that mighty crowd, who a few short hours before were howling their vengeance against Paul, passed quietly out. The King and the others bid him a kind farewell. He was remanded to prison, and shortly after was sent to Rome, where in the year A. D. 65, or thereabouts, he was beheaded by the order of that cruel Emperor, Nero.

FUGITIVE SLAVES ON A SOUTHERN PLANTATION.

—Mr. H. S. Williams, of Hickory Springs, Fayette county, Tennessee, sent the following interesting communication to the Memphis "Avalanche":

On one of these cold, rainy nights just passed a couple of sprightly and hard-looking little Yankee boys, bare footed, badly clad, and without budget, about eleven and thirteen years of age calling themselves John and Thomas Anderson, came to my residence in search, as they said, of a home and work, and readily finding both, they are now with me, the happiest little fellows you ever saw.

Their story is as full of adventure as it is affecting. They hail from the town of Patterson, N. J., and say they are factory boys, and orphans; that their father died long time ago, and their mother nearly two years since, leaving them working in a cotton factory, without friends or relations thereabouts—having no brothers, and an only sister, Martha, who married one Frederick Green, of whom they have heard nothing for a long time, and know not where they are; that about two months since, being badly treated, they struck out for the South without a cent of money, and worked their way along, assisted by railroad conductors and steamboat captains, until reaching Memphis, where they tarried but a little while, starting out on foot on the track of the Memphis and Ohio Railroad, which they followed up to the Wythe depot, and meeting there a small negro boy of mine, who, hearing their story, politely, and in true Southern hospitality, invited them along with him to his master's house.

The account these little fellows give of themselves I believe to be true; and they are welcomed in the South—to my home—shall have my protection, and an open and aided future. It has been suggested that, may be they are runaway Northern apprentices, and this discovery of their whereabouts, a requisition, or something of the sort; will be attempted. To this, I will take occasion to declare, in advance, that, in such an event, I will resist at all hazards, and to the last extremity, the fugitive slave law, if sought to be enforced for the recalculation of the poor enslaved factory boys of the North, who fled South for freedom and friends.

My little black slave, Lee, who brought the little fellows to my door would doubtless find some underground railroad for their escape, should danger threaten them.

Some twenty-five of the camels recently brought over from Africa to Galveston, Texas, as a speculation, have been reshipped to New Orleans for sale at that point.

MARRIED.

On Sunday Dec. 10th, 1858, in the Presbyterian Church at Harlem, N. Y., by the Rev. E. H. Gillet, Mr. WILLIE E. PARROT, of Harlem, to Miss PHILA A. WATERS, of New York City.

* Literary papers generally please copy.

Times' Correspondence.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 20th, 1858.

Congressional—Watrons not impeached—Maryland Contested Election—Pension Bill—Difficulty between two Members of Congress—Another Message—Smithsonian lectures—Serenade to Letcher, &c., &c.

So far, the two Houses of Congress have evinced a disposition to go to work with unusual alacrity.

In the Senate, the debate on the Pacific Railroad Bill, has occupied a greater part of the week. Mr. Ervin of California, was the great champion of the measure; but the majority of the Senators seemed to be of the opinion, that the present exhausted state of the Treasury, would not allow the necessary expenditures, and so the whole subject was informally laid aside. The Bill, donating land to the several States for the establishment of Agricultural Colleges, was made the special order for Tuesday next. The Senate committees were announced last Tuesday. A number of private bills, have also been passed.

In the House, the impeachment of Judge Watrons was agitated until Wednesday, when by a vote of 111 to 91, it was decided that the evidence preferred against him, was insufficient to sustain an impeachment. This case excited much interest in the City, and numerous speeches were made on both sides.

The Maryland Contested Election case, involving the seat of Mr. Harris, was next taken up, and after some warm discussion, the whole subject was laid upon the table.

The consideration of the bill granting pensions to old soldiers of the war of 1812, and the Indian wars, was the most important subject before the House, during the latter part of the week. No definite action has yet been taken upon it.

Quite a stir has been created among the Honorable members of the House of Representatives, by a fracas that occurred between two of their body, Messrs. English of Indiana, and Montgomery of Pennsylvania. They met on the Avenue—some insulting words passed—English struck Montgomery with a cane, and Montgomery retaliated with a brick, when their friends interfered, and they separated.

The President has transmitted to Congress, a message containing full information in regard to the visiting of American vessels in the Gulf, by British cruisers. This has a very threatening aspect, but people have lately come to the conclusion, that "wars" and "rumors of wars" are two very different things.

The winter lectures at the Smithsonian Institute, began last week. Dr. Rae, the famous Arctic explorer, drew a crowded audience to hear his lecture on the Arctic regions. John G. Saxe, the ballad poet, is to lecture to-night, on Poetry and the Poets.

Hon. John Letcher, democratic candidate for Governor of Virginia, was serenaded last Tuesday night, at Brown's Hotel, and made a handsome speech.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 28th, 1858.

X-mas festivities—Congressional New—Passage of the Pension Bill—Removal to the new Senate Chamber—Private Bills—Senators Douglas and Jones—Burns celebration—The "Times."

Christmas week is passing away right merrily in the Metropolis. Notwithstanding that many of our legislators are away on flying visits to their homes, the City is full of beauties and gallants from all sections, and nightly the sounds of music and the dance, echo through the streets. Though we no longer hear the chanting of such "Christmas Carols" as were printed by Wynkyn-de-Worde near three hundred years ago, or witness such jovial old English sports as are chronicled in the "Sketch-Book" of Irving, or participate in such Pickwickian pastimes as Dickens tells us were enjoyed at Dingley Dell, still in many a home where "the Times" is a weekly visitor, families and friends are meeting in pleasant communion to renew the time-faded ties of kindred and friendship, and thaw out their frozen heart-felings.

Congress on Wednesday last, adjourned over until the 4th of January. Previously however, the Pension bill, which had been under discussion for nearly a week, passed by a vote of 130 ayes, to 73 nays. The Senate on Tuesday, again refused by a decided vote, to take up the bill for the establishment of Agricultural Colleges, which Senator Stuart and others, have so ably advocated. The Senate, also, passed a resolution to move into the new Senate Chamber in the North wing of the Capitol, after the expiration of the Holidays. This change will call up a host of reminiscences in connection with the old Hall, which has so often resounded with the voices of the illustrious and great. In point of architectural beauty, the new Chamber, is much inferior to the old, but its general convenience and admirable acoustical properties, render the removal desirable. A great

number of private bills have been introduced in both Houses of Congress, during the week.

Some sharp letters, that have recently been exchanged by Senators Douglas and Jones, of La., in relation to a proposed railroad route, attract a great deal of attention among the gossip mongers of Washington.

A celebration, commemorative of the memory of Robert Burns, is shortly to come off in this city. Senator Pearce, of Md., and Speaker Orr, of the House of Representatives, will preside.

We are anxiously waiting to catch a glimpse of the next Number of "the Times," and feel sure that our expectations as to its merits, will not be disappointed.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

RALEIGH, N. C. Dec., 27th, 1858.

The Legislature, to begin with, as usual—Christmas—The new Spire—High handed robbery—The "Delta Psi," their orator and poet—Mount Vernon—a lecture "in posse"—Dr. Johnson.

Dear Times:—Our Legislature has got through some important business lately.—The House, last week, declared Mr. "C. and M. E." Haywood's seat vacant and ordered a new election to be held on the 30th inst., to supply the vacancy; they have also allowed him his "per diem," on motion of Mr. Smith, his most distinguished opponent, which, by the way, Mr. Haywood is understood as declining to receive. Two candidates are in the field, Mr. Mordecai, democrat, who came very near receiving the nomination by the convention, and Maj. Jones, who has been the standing opponent of many a democratic candidate for a number of years. Mr. Faribault, of Wake, introduced a resolution of inquiry, as to whether Postmasters, County Attorneys and various other officers were eligible to seats and, if not, whether any such were in the House; after an able speech by the mover, the matter was indefinitely postponed.

It seems that there are several members in both Houses, who might be troubled to show a good right to their seats, if a strict construction of the Constitution were insisted on. The revision of the Constitution exercises the reforming tendencies of some of the members, who think "the good people" ought to possess a voice in the election of Judges, Attorneys, Solicitors &c. It is much better to let that venerable instrument alone; it will not be at all improved by so much tampering; but since the adoption of Free Suffrage opened the door to innovation, there is no telling where the desire of change will stop. We were living very happy under the old form and now that "this great boon" has been obtained, there are many who will not exercise it; like children, however desirous they were of the new toy, once possessed, they are soon weary of it. The bill giving the United States jurisdiction over a lot in this City, for the purpose of erecting a Post Office and Court House, has become a law and in the course of a year or two we may expect to see another handsome building, in our limits.

It is noticeable that many of the meetings are held without prayers; whether the members have despaired of being benefited thereby or the ministers are forgetful or hard to find does not appear from the record. Both houses have adjourned over until Saturday next, January 1st, at which time they will reassemble to inaugurate the new Governor, Judge Ellis; the large majority of the members took themselves off last week and doubtless spent Christmas very pleasantly in the bosom of their families. They will be sure to enjoy their holiday and they certainly needed recreation and relaxation after their arduous labors and being so closely confined in the corrupt atmosphere and unwholesome associations of their metropolitan sojourn.

Christmas! how the very name electrifies the ear and like the "open, sesame" of eastern tale reveals never fading visions of childish delights, when "Christmas gift" was a magic sound and each new comer was sure to add some valued memento to our heap of presents. Old as we are and much as we have to remember, we can recall with pride, the emotions which overcame us when we first found out how Santa Claus made his visits and who he really was; we were proud and happy that day. The day was duly celebrated here by the Episcopalians, according to their ritual, the church having been handsomely decked for the occasion by the young ladies.

The spire of the New Baptist Church is very nearly completed; it is a beautiful specimen of art, tapering up gracefully to the height 162 feet, some 50 odd feet higher than its magnificent neighbor, the Capitol. It is a conspicuous landmark to the approaching traveller, telling the stranger he is near a christian city and touchingly reminding the citizen, that it looks down upon his happy home and that the altar, sanctified to him by the holiest and purest associations, is at its foot.—The citizens really owe a debt of gratitude to the denomination for their earnest efforts as well as to the architect, Mr. Percival, and the Builder, Mr. Costes, for their excellent skill and vigorous efficiency. The warming apparatus was tried to-day

for the first time and found to answer perfectly. A pleasing incident connected with the steeple is the fact that a venerable gentleman who contributed largely to the Building and laid the corner stone, gave the funds to procure the very cap stone and was himself the first and last to stand upon it; he inscribed there his name, with his own hand; may it hereafter be found, written in the "book of Life."

A very skillful and successful robbery was perpetrated at Yarbrough's, Christmas night, three or four rooms were entered and some five or six watches and about \$1000, in money, were stolen; no trace of the villain has, as yet, been discovered.

The "Delta Psi" fraternity are holding a convocation in this city; it is a secret organization, comprehending "clubs" in several colleges, and delegates from these compose the august body, now in session. The elite, both male and female, are invited to convene at the Capitol, tomorrow night, to hear an oration from Wm. Bingham and a poem from Wm. B. Lynch, before the Members of the order.

We are promised a Mount Vernon Oration, in February from H. W. Miller; the mere mention of his name is a sufficient recommendation. Dr. Chs. E. Johnson, one of our most eminent physicians, who has been very dangerously ill for some time past, is now considered as convalescent.

P. S. S.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

RALEIGH, N. C. Jan. 3, 1859.

The Legislature having holiday, we have but little to say about them.—The Inauguration—New Year's day—The Chatham Confidants—Our Army—Mr. H. Mordecai—The Supreme Court—Extraordinary—New Books.

Dear Times:—Our right honorable Legislature not having been in session during the last week, the world and mankind in general are deprived of the delight their proceedings would have given, and your correspondent is reluctantly driven to other sources to supply your readers with amusement. At noon, on Saturday, in accordance with previous arrangement, the two houses assembled in the Commons Hall, and in the presence of a large audience, including many of the most distinguished citizens of the State, the Governor elect, attended by Gov. Bragg and Chief Justice Pearson, and followed by the Committee of Arrangements and the other Judges of the Supreme Court, delivered his Inaugural and took the oath of Office. As a literary effort the address was very effective, while it contained a complete programme of his intended official course, opening with a grateful ascription to the Supreme Author of all good and closing with a hearty prayer for his guidance and protection. We predict for the new Governor a popular and successful administration, one calculated to advance the material prosperity of the State and to increase the personal favor in which he is held. It is understood that Graham Daves, a young lawyer of Newbern, a brother-in-law or the Governor, will be his Private Secretary.

New-Year's Day was very cold, wet and gloomy; only a few ladies graced the Inauguration and the beaux generally were too sparing of their broadcloth and patent leather to encounter the "lobsquash" of the streets and tender their congratulations to their fair friends. The "pops" on this anniversary should not be dispensed with; they are very useful and agreeable and without one of the most sensible customs of fashionable society.

It will be a source of intense gratification to many of our citizens to know that Commodore Wilkes, the distinguished Chief of the Commission, sent out by the Navy Department to examine the mineral deposits in Chatham, has made a Report of his explorations in that quarter, in which he speaks most enthusiastically of its unbounded riches. Whatever may be the subsequent action of Congress on this subject, it is still some consolation to know that the pre-minent advantages of this locality are set forth before the world and acknowledged by the highest authority.

The latest intelligence from Deep River was that there was plenty of water and that a boat, with a large and valuable cargo, was successfully making her way up. A few more years, a little more work, some more dollars, and we will have a constant stream of produce pouring out, and an ever increasing flow of cash running in upon us. The resources of this region are fabulous; statistics are useless; were we to state them, your readers would believe we were demented.

The visit of a distinguished cavalry officer of our Army, to his family in this State, after several years' hard service in Oregon, reminds us we have a word to say, in that connection. There never was a set of men, who so faithfully perform the most difficult service, are so poorly paid or so unconsciously abused, as the army. The young ladies, bless them, generally have an appreciation for the button, but beyond them, who among the mass think of the services and sufferings of the Army. Witness the outcry annually made in Congress over the Pension Bills or the estimates for military purposes; the cry once begun there, is echoed and re-echoed throughout the country by venal and par-

ty presses, unthinking of the great evil they cause. The Mexican campaign is unequalled in history; Capt. Marcy's expedition has no parallel as regards suffering, bravery and complete success under the most tremendous difficulties; the last report of the Secretary of War states: "It may be safely asserted that no army, of the same size, ever before performed, in such a length of time, marches and movements of such extent, surmounting in their progress such formidable obstacles. These regiments have accomplished within the year a march, averaging for each, the extraordinary distance of 1234 miles." Add to this the fighting, the wounds and death distributed among them, the hunger and thirst and cold and heat, and we may have a faint picture of what we owe to the Army.

Henry Mordecai, the newly elected Commoner from Wake in place of Mr. Haywood, was qualified and took his seat on Saturday; he received a very flattering vote from his constituents.

Judge Pearson has been designated Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, now in session, in place of Judge Nash, dec'd. The first business of the Court was making young lawyers; they "put through" some thirty, rejecting four. The venerable and distinguished Judge Ruffin has taken his seat on the bench and looks as hale and hearty as ever, a splendid realization of the Poet's wish,

"Meas sana in corpore sano."

A lady of this vicinity recently presented her husband with three boys and a girl, at a birth; at the last accounts they were all alive and kicking; once before she produced a triplet.

We are much pleased at the opportunity of saying a good word for a very meritorious book, entitled "A wreath from the Woods of Carolina," handsomely bound and profusely illustrated; it is the joint production of two ladies of this city, published by the Sunday School Union, to whom it has been generously donated by the authoress. One of the most attractive books of the season is "Wild Sports in the Far West," by Gerstaeker, just published by Crosby, Nichols & Co., of Boston; full of stirring adventures, hair-breadth escapes and thrilling details; the very thing for the boys, and no man need regret its perusal. Both these are for sale at Pomeroy's.

Yours, &c.,

P. S. S.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

NEW YORK, Dec. 23.

Old Ladies' Fair—Mount Vernon Festival—Ocean Telegraph—City Taxes—N.Y. Ledger—Edward Everett—Hard Times—Christmas—Caneemi—Business Prospects—No Winter Yet.

The Fair for the benefit of indigent old ladies of the Methodist Church, is open at Niblo's for the week. The weather thus far, very unpleasant, yet the exhibition is good, and the attendance large.—The articles are contributed by all the churches, and by individuals. The Society has erected a large and comfortable "home," which is well governed, and nearly paid for.

"The Mount Vernon" Festival, for the benefit of that Association, is now in full blast at the Academy of Music—"it labors under the weather," yet the interest manifested is very commendable, and the display and taste exhibited in "the getting up" is unusually attractive, so that large results may justly be anticipated.

"The Ocean Telegraph," after a long moist nap, is reported to-day to have shaken off the dew of the night and actually articulated from the mother country the word "Heuley"—the man who was about this time to make some new experiments with his large machines. After all, should he succeed, and it is not impossible, how many "roulars" months would be stopped; and how its friends would rejoice.

The Comptroller's report for the year is out, claiming a levy for the next year of seven and three quarter million dollars. Great city this—the highest taxed and the worst governed on the known earth.

The New York "Lodger," the most extensive *mind mill* perhaps in the world, and one which catches more birds with *chaff* than any other, is amazing the world, and the rest of mankind, with the astounding intelligence that "Edward Everett" is actually in a *l* absolutely going to condescend to *write*—yes, *write*; it don't say on what kind of paper, or with whose pen, but he is to write one or more letters "expressly for the *Lodger*." Well, the world has survived the "comet," and the baptism and burial of the "Telegraph," and perhaps, with proper treatment, it may be spared to see these letters—letters that are to be written because *they were paid for*. Here is another tremendous phenomenon and, paid for by "Bonner." O wonder of wonders—Everett writes! Everett is paid for it!! and O ye gods, "Mr. Everett gives the money to the Mount Vernon Association;" and who could't, if he had it given to him? But enough of this bag of wind.

One passing our retail streets now would never think that twelve months ago we were all "*down in the mouth*," for I have never seen gayer, grander shopping, greater preparations for "Santaclaus" and

Christmas. The show windows almost *draw* one in, they are so profuse in their attractions.

The jury in the "Caneemi" case, after three days, to the astonishment of every sane man acquainted with the facts, brought in a verdict of "*manslaughter in the first degree*." Thus, if an appeal is not taken, a couple of years will get up "sorry for him," petitions enough to pardon him.—The Italian banditti of the city, the Romish priests and thieves, are too much for New York justice.

The business prospects for next year are very promising; money is abundant, and the manufacturing interests are reviving. We have had little or no winter yet.

Yours truly,

J. M. E.

From the Iowa State Democrat.

A New Religious Sect in Iowa.

Some sixty or seventy miles from Council Bluffs, in the county of Monona, about fifteen miles from the Missouri River, there is a town containing six or eight hundred inhabitants, generally known as Preparation. The town is the origin of a new body of religious enthusiasts, who call themselves "Conjerepites," and their system of religion, or religious organization, the "Conjerepion," the meaning of which term remains to the Gentile world a profound mystery. At the head of the organization is a man by the name of Charles B. Thompson, who is, besides, the editor of a weekly newspaper called *The Newspaper*.—This paper is large, well printed, and upon political and general subjects, is edited with much ability. Of this sheet, one or two pages are usually devoted to the publication of what are called "open letters" upon religious subjects, and addressed by Charles B. Thompson, as follows:

The Chief Apostolic Pastor and Evangelical Bishop: To all the Elders of Israel, Evangelical and Travelling Presbyters, Deacons and members of the conjerepion, scattered abroad throughout the world, and sendeth greeting.

These letters are dated "at the tower of the flock," and are most curious specimens of incomprehensible cant, being made up of passages from the Bible, extracts from "the Book of Law and Covenant of Israel," and remarks by the "Chief Apostolic Pastor," all indiscriminately mixed up together.

From what we are able to learn from these letters, this curious sect believes in the Bible as the word of God; but also holds that it is in a measure done away by the new revelations made since the year 1848 by the "voice" of "Baneey" through the medium of the "Chief Apostolic Bishop." These new revelations are styled "the Law and Covenants of Israel." The property of the organization is held in common, and the earnings of all are thrown into the common stock almost after the manner of the Shakers. The people are said to be quiet and orderly in their deportments, moral in their customs, and most blindly and devotedly attached to their religion, or system of belief. However strange it may appear, this organization has, during the last year, rapidly increased from fifty to eight hundred members, and is still receiving large accessions to its number.

Personal.

We learn from the *Newbern Progress* that Rev. C. F. DEEMS, D. D. has been invited recently to the Presidency of a University in the State of Texas. This promises to be the richest and best endowed and one of the most influential institutions in all the South.

We also learn that Dr. Deems has been called to the pastorate of a popular church in the city of New York.

It is certainly gratifying to his friends, and their name is legion, to know that he who is so much loved at home, is held in such high estimation abroad. We hope North Carolina will offer such inducements to Dr. Deems as that he will be content to forego these splendid offers and remain among us. Though an adopted son, there is no one more loyal to the "Old North State," and who has a warmer place in her great beating heart. The ties that bind us are strong and we trust they will never be severed.

DEATH OF HON. J. A. TUCKER.—Hon. John A. Tucker, of Stewart county, Georgia, died at Dawson, Terrell county, in that State, on 16th ult. Mr. Tucker was a distinguished member of the late Georgia Senate, and at the time of his death was the Democratic candidate for the Judgeship of the Pauldus Circuit.

Mrs. M. A. Comegys, who was lately appointed vice-regent, for Delaware of the Mount Vernon Association, has received \$1,200 in that State in five weeks.

Henry L. Ellsworth, Esq., has bequeathed all his property, except one hundred thousand dollars, to Yale College. It is estimated that the College gets \$700,000.

Miss Susan Cushman, sister of Charlotte Cushman, was lately married to Mr. Muspratt, an eminent English chemist, the founder and principal of the College of Chemistry, Liverpool, England.

A YOUNG GIANT.—Master M. T. Tucker, aged 14, of Todd county, Ky., measures 6 feet 6 inches in height.



EXCELSIOR.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

"The shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!"

His brow was sad: his eye beneath
Flashed like a falcon from its sheath,
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue,
Excelsior!

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright;
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan,
Excelsior!

"Try not the pass!" the old man said;
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
The roaring torrent is deep and wide!"
And loud that clarion voice replied,
Excelsior!

"O, stay," the maiden said, "and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!"
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered, with a sigh,
Excelsior!

"Beware the pine-tree's withered branch,
Beware the awful avalanche!"
This was the peasant's last good-night;
A voice replied, far up the height,
Excelsior!

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of Saint Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
Excelsior!

A traveler, by the faithful hound,
Half-buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

There, in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star,
Excelsior!

THE TIMES.

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

SATURDAY, Jan. 8, 1859.

C. C. COLE,
J. W. ALBRIGHT, } Editors and Proprietors.

Contributors.

We present a few names from the large number who contribute to THE TIMES:

F. W. CARTERS, D.D.,
W. R. HUNTER,
J. STARR HOLLOWAY,
MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY,
J. WOODRUFF LEWIS,
S. J. C. WHITNEY,
MARY W. JANNEY,
WILLIAM F. FARR,
INA CLAYTON,
C. G. DICKS,
ANNA M. RATES,
GRACE MILWOOD,
MRS. L. M. HUTCHINSON,
ED. ST. GEO. COOKE,
MRS. C. HUTCHINS,
and others.

The New Year.

To-day the TIMES launches forth on another year's cruise, its fourth annual voyage. It is unnecessary to state to the former patrons that we have undergone a thorough "overhauling," and that we set sail with an entirely new outfit. Our appearance will tell its own tale, and we come laden with a "happy New Year's" greeting for each. May Providence bless; Time deal gently; and Good-fortune smile upon us all.

Encouraged by the patronage and friendship bestowed upon us in the past, we begin the labors of the new year with buoyant hopes, resolved to bring the full force of past experience and a renewed energy to the improvement of the TIMES, to increase the interest and the value of its columns. We do not purpose making promises; our object is to do, and we send forth the present issue as a promise for the future, intending that the present volume shall never decrease in value and varied interest; but that each successive number shall bear marks of improvements, as our increased patronage and experience shall enable.

An illustrated paper marks an era in the annals of Southern Journalism. It is unnecessary to make any allusion to the habit of our people sending their tens of thousands annually for Northern papers; the habit has been acquired from the want of proper facilities for furnishing

the necessary papers at home. We are a reading people; our families must be supplied; and if the proper papers are not furnished at home, it is quite natural that they should be ordered from abroad.

We are beginning to feel, however, that for many reasons we should build up a HOME paper. These reasons are evident and cognizant to all. We have our home affinities and home customs; our home institutions and home interests. These are not only not improved, but on the contrary are vitiated by the introduction of affinities, customs, institutions and interests foreign to our own. It is the object and aim of the Publishers to make the TIMES a worthy companion for all our homes, and a fit exponent of our home interests. By the introduction of illustrations, it is not intended that the quality of the reading matter shall be neglected as is too often the case with illustrated papers. Mere pictures are worthless, unless the columns of reading matter will harmonize with the outward show. Therefore, while it is our intention to bestow much care and pains upon the illustrations, to make them what they should be, it shall be no less our constant study to present reading matter in our columns of the choicest literary worth and moral character; with the current political, social and monetary news of the day, so as to make the TIMES a complete receptacle for whatever may be interesting, instructive and agreeable.

We are now raising anchor and extend a cordial invitation to all who may wish to come aboard. Take a passage with us, and we pledge, with smooth waters and calm breezes, a pleasant voyage without sea-sickness.

Historical Gallery.

History is one of the most important studies that can occupy our time. Profound attention, close study, and patient thought, are necessary to correct understanding of its many mysteries. A comprehension of the vast chain of events that link era on era, and epoch on epoch, from the dim past to the present; a knowledge of those events, as produced from diverse causes; an intelligent conception of their effects—are only to be attained by the patient student.

A field so vast, and a study so difficult, therefore, is likely to be neglected by many, who nevertheless have a great thirst for knowledge. To supply such in a short compass with a vivid and intelligent picture of what can otherwise be had only in large libraries of varied reading, is the design of that department of the TIMES, headed HISTORICAL GALLERY, and found on the first page of this paper. We have engaged to furnish these articles, one of the oldest and most reliable historians of our country. He withholds his name from the public, wishing his contributions to be weighed and judged of alone by their intrinsic merits.

This series opens with a sketch of Gen. Greene, he being second in our Revolutionary history only to Washington. The article is divided into two parts; the first includes his education, training and attainments, moral, social, patriotic and military qualities. In this, so carefully prepared, we have a clearer and more lucid understanding of the subject, than would generally be gained by reading all the "Lives" ever published. The reader is unwittingly led along step by step in the young Quaker's career, until he almost fancies himself back in the scenes of those early days. The third week's paper will conclude the first part, and then will follow the second, giving a birds-eye view of the battles fought by Gen. Greene, and the various military services in which he was employed.

It is intended to include in this Gallery, first, sketches of all the prominent characters of our own country both of the Revolution and of the period subsequent; and secondly, by culling from foreign history some of its most romantic and attractive features, to include fragmentary sketches of those characters, which either by their sufferings enlist the sympathy or by their exploits, command the admiration of the world. We trust that in this department of the TIMES, is provided a work which will prove acceptable to our readers, and which may serve to promote a taste for the pursuit of so sublime a study.

The series would have opened with a similar sketch of Washington, but he is thought to come more appropriately under the head of "The Presidents of the United States," which we will commence in a few weeks.

Hedges.

We hear it often said that the people of North Carolina are half a century behind those of other States in matters that pertain to the comfort of living, and especially to the adornment of their homes. The remark is too often made in a tone of derision, and by those, too, who, however much they may deplore the fact, do nothing themselves to introduce a remedy.

We are not disposed to inquire how far this statement is true; nor, whatever its extent may be, to ascertain the causes of a state of things so discreditable to all of us. Certainly every one who returns home from a journey to, say, New England, must be struck, with the contrast between the exterior arrangements of their dwellings and ours; and this especially in particulars involving beauty and good taste. Their fences are usually in better order, and their out-buildings more compact and complete. In the point of thrift they, unquestionably have the advantage of us. But not more so than in a certain air of neatness, and regard to grace and elegance. They understand the virtues of paint better than we do. In the culture of shrubbery and flowers around their houses, where nothing more is needed than a little forethought, and occasionally a few hours labor, they have very much the start of us; and to their attention to this, more than to any other one thing, are they indebted for the highly praised, and well merited beauty of many of their finest towns and villages. We think that our people may very well imitate them in these things: and we intend to do what we may to bring about a better state of things among us, by suggesting to our readers, from time to time, some of the particulars in which we think a change desirable.

We will speak now of Hedges. It is a very easy thing to plant them; demands very little expense, and very little skill; is a kind of ornament within the reach of every body, graceful and becoming almost everywhere, and when once established, requiring very little care, and almost in its nature permanent.

There are two kinds of hedge, the evergreen, and the deciduous. The best shrubs for the evergreen hedge is, beyond a doubt, the holly. Nothing can be richer, or give more perfectly an air of secluded elegance and comfort, than a stately row of hollies, well grown, with the fine green of its leaf contrasted and advanced by the glowing scarlet of its berries. Such a hedge is not only beautiful, but everlasting. The great objection to this tree is slow growth. Yet this should not hinder from planting it—one who remembers his own duty to posterity and obligation to past generations. Perhaps the best season, if there be a choice, for planting the holly, and indeed all the evergreens, is about the first of February, when the buds are just beginning to swell. Next to the holly ranks the American Arborvitae, or, as the botanist call it, the Thuja. The Chinese species is neater and more graceful in form. The Thuja is very commonly used for this purpose in New England, and the middle States. Very closely resembling this and often confounded with it by careless observers, is the Cupressus Thyoides of Michaux, or what in our low country is called Juniper. It may be readily raised here from the seed, is easily naturalized in our soil, grows rapidly, and answers this purpose very well, except that in this cold weather it puts on rather a tawney complexion. Better still, and very common in this region, is a genuine Juniper, which, however, goes under the popular name of Cedar. It is easily transplanted, bears the shears well, and is perhaps, for general use the best of all. In the eastern portion of the State, and it may be even so high as we are, if proper pains were taken, hedges may be made of the Yaupon. It is considerably used for this purpose along the Gulf of Mexico, as near Mobile, and grows wild in great abundance on our own coast. Those who have seen it growing in hedges speak lightly of its merits. The Norway Spruce, and Hemlock, are, we fear, too alpine for our altitude. In the regions however which favor their growth they serve this use admirably. We hardly need to add that the evergreen hedges are so much to be preferred to the other kind, that one who wishes to ornament his grounds in this manner should not shrink from any additional trouble or expense they may, at first, cost him.

Of the deciduous plants, hawthorn, privet, and buckthorn have till recently, been in most general use; and each of them having its peculiar excellencies, they all are very good. Of late, however, the Osage Orange seems to have borne away the palm of popular favor. It grows much more rapidly than the others. Its stout spines, and close, thick branches make it impenetrable by cattle. It bears clipping admirably. And the rich green of its brilliantly glossy leaves makes its bright masses of colour in the hedge row most grateful to the eye. It is thought to have the disadvantage of exhausting the soil in its neighborhood, and is reckoned, therefore, not good for the enclosure of a garden.

We hope earnestly that many of our readers, both in town and country, will be induced to try an experiment in this kind. With due precaution and care, they can not fail to be rewarded in the increased beauty of their own premises, and of the entire landscape of our country.

The University—once more.

We have recently attempted to do what we felt to be a duty towards the leading literary Institution in our State. Our observations had led us to fear that in some quarters there was coldness, or jealousy, at home, towards what is looked at abroad with respect and admiration; we could do no less than try to defend it against unjust charges, and a spirit, which however unconsciously—works only evil. Had any other of our Colleges, on like grounds, needed our aid, such as we might render, would have been rendered cheerfully, and without stint. We trust that their excellencies may never excite envy, and that they may not be so unfortunate as to find mistrust and hostility among those who are their natural defenders.

We take leave of this subject, finally, we trust, in giving to our readers the following defence, which has been put forth by the President of the University.—This document fully justifies the course we have taken. It shows that they who administer its affairs are aware of the existence of the temper we desired to aid in suppressing, and that they are not disposed to be condemned without a hearing:

UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA.
Chapel Hill, December 10, 1858.

AMONG the manuscripts of the late DR. CALDWELL, we find a copy of a communication, addressed to some of the leading citizens of the State by name, from which we make the following extract:

"There have been some occasions, indeed, when the conduct of the Students of the University has been affecting in the last degree to its best friends. They have sometimes been capable of doing things which we could hardly expect from the most inconsiderate. But such actions as these have been but rare. I know very well that there are those who are ready to catch at every piece of irregularity, and be it great or small, to put it on the wing, that it may fly away into every corner of the State. And I know by correct information, on many and various occasions, that accounts have been propagated which have been either destitute of the least pretence of truth, or else have been so aggravated and overcharged, that it was hard to tell what circumstances it was which gave rise to them. How unjust is it that calumny must be forever watching as with a lynx's eye, the disorders of a few wrong-headed young people, who are mixed up in a college with the body of the students, and then proceed to multiply and misrepresent and aggravate until the country is at length led to believe that the Institution could not be worse if even filled with a parcel of invertebrate demons."

In modern times, the administration of the Institution has ordinarily been treated with much greater charity and forbearance—perhaps we ought to say kindness—than the foregoing statements would indicate, as characteristic of an earlier period in our history. Indeed, until very recently, we have had little cause to complain of misrepresentations in relation to us, and have never, until the present time deemed it necessary to take public notice, of any statement that has gone abroad, with respect to the condition of the Institution. Exaggerated accounts of occurrences here, have recently found their way into the newspapers at home and abroad, of a character calculated to excite anxiety in the minds of parents and guardians.—A plain statement of the truth, with respect to the leading incidents of the Session will serve to dissipate these apprehensions, and seems to be imperatively called for.

By much the most important occurrence of the past session, is the interest upon the subject of religion, which manifested itself among the Students, at an early period, and which, after some weeks continuance, resulted in such an accession to various churches as in the number and apparent sincerity of those engaged, is without precedent at this University.

Not long afterwards, a riot which was participated in by but a small fraction of the Students, called for sharp discipline towards such of the participants as could

be detected; and for the entire vindication of College authority, received in the person of the ringleader, an application of the gravest censures of the Institution.—About this affair, serious mis-statements have gone abroad. Occurring so soon after the solemn religious impression that prevailed in Chapel Hill, this disturbance, which, however serious and deserving of punishment, is by no means without precedent here and amongst like institutions in the country, was well calculated to excite deep feeling; and is supposed that the exaggerations referred to are in great measure attributable to the surprise with which the public heard that the very spot which it imagined to be engrossed by the exercises of religion had become the theatre of riot and outrage. Upon reflection, it will scarcely be thought incredible, that while one-fourth of the students had become deeply engaged in considering their duty to God and to man, another tenth or twentieth might take an occasion to display their slight regard for either.—We confidently submit that if an investigation into this occurrence shall take place, it will be found not to impeach the general character of the college for quiet and subordination. Less than a tenth of the young men were in any way concerned therein; and in the course of their excesses, the ringleaders were, on account of their conduct, nearly involved in collision with their fellow-students. We take pleasure in adding that the proceedings of the two Literary Societies, adopted immediately thereafter, and with great unanimity, as it is understood, afford the best evidences that the great body of the students had no sympathy with those concerned in perpetrating these outrages.

Later in the Session, an unfortunate affair, by an accident, came near involving the death of a member of College. But this occurred in no riot. Only here and there one of the students had even heard of it until the next morning, although it took place in the College Buildings.

Much as this incident is to be regretted, the friends of the college may felicitate themselves upon the fact that amongst its members no death has ever occurred here by violence; and that in a period of sixty-four years, only two serious wounds, (and one of these by accident), have been received. In no matter connected with College discipline, do we consider ourselves justified in asking cooperation by the patrons of the University, more than in that connected with the wearing of secret arms by their children and wards. The regulations here upon that head are strict, and they are faithfully enforced; but any effective measures, must proceed from home.

We deem it hardly worth while to mention the warlike correspondence which appeared in the newspapers during the last Fall, purporting to emanate from young men who during the session were members of this Institution. One of them had ceased to be such before the affair had proceeded far, or was at all known; the other was disciplined immediately, in the way pointed out by the laws of the University.

In this connection it does not appear improper to add that a critical examination of the history of the University will show that the subordination and general quiet prevailing during the last ten years is at least as great as that of any like period since its foundation. Only from a great ignorance of our history, can any other impression have prevailed anywhere.—The College records show that Dr. Caldwell was frequently called upon to correct public sentiments as to the condition of things here, forty or fifty years ago. In the course of these appeals he states facts which show that in those days amongst some fifty students, there was a worse state of things than has existed amongst the three or four hundred that have crowded here, during the last half dozen years.

Upon the whole, we can assure the friends of the Institution that nothing has occurred during the late term, which ought injuriously to affect its standing. The balance of result from the extraordinary occurrences of the session, has been vastly in favor of God.

DAVID L. SWAIN,
President of the University.

Children's Department.

We have good news for the youthful readers of the TIMES, about the "Children's Friend." During our recent visit North, we had the pleasure of spending some time with Mr. W. R. Hunter, and we were pleased to find him not only in fine health and spirits, but also, as usual, earnestly engaged in his laborious efforts in behalf of the young.

And now, lest you become impatient to hear the "good news," we will state that Mr. Hunter, has consented to take charge of the Children's Department of the TIMES and furnish, weekly, something interesting for the young. Now turn to your department, second page, and read the beautiful and instructive story of the "Christmas Tree!"

For local and news editorials, see page 9.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.
The Death of the Year.

BY MRS. C. HUTCHINS.

The year—the year is dying, the foliage all is dead;
The birds have ceased their carol—to warmer climes have fled:
Around the humble cottage—the snow lies smooth and deep,
No sign of earthly comfort—no print of human feet.

O! let us seek the friendless one—a kindly word may cheer,
The lone deserted inmate—that's dying with the year.

The year—the year is dying—each breath is charged with sleet;
The clay cold form is hid—beneath the winding sheet:

And may we all remember in festive hours of glee,
In this world of gold and glitter—there's want and misery.
O! think how small a portion might save dark despair,
A friendless human creature that's dying with the year.

The year—the year is dying—is dying sure—but slow;
The waters are congealing—the earth is clad with snow;
The stars are fiercely shining—the moon looks pale and wan,
The fitful clouds are lowering—all nature feels the pang.

And the poor may now be freezing—the weather is severe;
And some perhaps with hunger—are dying with the year.

The year—the year is dying—is dying slow but sure;
The frost has waved its sceptre—bridging from shore to shore;
The wintry winds are howling midst sear and leafless trees,
The storm king now in fury rides forth triumphantly.

And yet there may be thousands—that's wandering lone and drear,
Without a home or shelter—and dying with the year!

The year—the year is dying—the last sad hour has come;
And are we "also ready" to meet our final doom:
Have we sought out the afflicted—and banish'd their distress?
Bestow'd upon the needy—relieved the poor oppress?

Raised up the drooping spirit—whose last fond hope is near?
Found shelter for the houseless—that's dying with the year?

The year—the year is dying—and hope defer'd has fled;
The midnight bell is chiming—alas! The year is dead.
Have we improved each moment—(obeying God's command?)
Have we perform'd each duty—toward our fellow man?

Has all to us allotted—been perform'd with God-like fear?
Has nothing been forgotten—can we die as died the year?

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.
CHARLIE AND ALENA;
OR,
"There is a Silver Lining to every Cloud."

BY INEZ GREY.

CHAPTER I.

NOT MANY YEARS ago there lived a wealthy old farmer, at a place known by the name of Summer Dell. The dwelling house was situated on a gently sloping hill, at the foot of which wound the rushing Keedron, whose waters bounded over the rocks with magic grace and beauty, and finally precipitated down a precipice of some forty feet, in one solid sheet; and then spread out its waters over the low-lands. It was a lovely evening in May, that our story commences. The light of the setting sun fell clear and bright on the waters that spread out like a quiet lake. A slight breeze just stirred the surface of the water, and from the edge of every ripple, the reflected rays sparkled like diamonds, encircling in a flood of light, the lofty palace which rose as from the very bosom of the waters. The day had been fitful and showery, but the sun had just burst forth and was setting in all his splendor, while the ragged edges of the clouds hung above the resplendent rays, and the irky blackness of the eastern sky, only formed a better contrast to the brilliant rainbow, that now spanned the heavens.

"Charlie! Charlie!" shouted a merry, childish voice; and a laughing girl bounded from the steps of a fairy-like summer-house, into the spacious garden, which joined the elegant country seat of Alfred Gray, the wealthy farmer; as she called again, "come Charlie! Papa wants you!"

He heard her not; but just beyond the shadow of the elm-tree, where the golden arrows of sunset shot through its graceful branches, and then as it were shivering in a thousand fragments, stole away in the rich moss-cups at his feet, he stood with those blue dreamy eyes fixed earnestly upon the gorgeous tints of gold and fleecy clouds dotting the western sky.

Her hand was on his shoulder, and her warm breath kissed his cheeks, before he noticed her approach, then turning suddenly, as one aroused from slumber, he said:

"Did you call me, Alena? I thought it was she."

"Who?" asked the wandering child. "My mother!" said the boy, earnestly. "I saw her on that fleecy cloud, not pale and cold as when I last remember, but with the old smile on her lips which she used to wear when she talked to me of heaven. She put her arms out, as if she would embrace me, and murmured, 'Come! I turned, and it was you! Why did you call me, Alena?'"

"O, I had almost forgot. Papa wants you right away. Hark, he's coming—O, Charlie, what will you do?"

She had hardly spoken, when a stern hand grasped the boy's right arm, and a heavy blow was dealt upon his head, as the angry man exclaimed:

"I'll teach you to come when I send for you."

"Please Papa, he did not hear me," pleaded Alena timidly.

"O, no, I dare say he didn't! Dreaming again, I suppose. What did you see in the clouds, boy?" he asked in a sneering tone.

"The face of my dead mother, sir!" replied the boy, as he fixed his calm gaze upon the flashing eye of the angry man.

Had a scorpion stung him, Mr. Gray could not have started more suddenly, and his voice was hoarse with passion, as he exclaimed:

"Get to your attic, sirrah! There'll be no supper for you to-night!"

So familiar had these words become to Charlie Graham, that he scarcely heard them, although fully comprehending their meaning, and turning away, he entered the house; while Alena stole tearfully off to the summer-house, where she wept until her eyes were red, then going to the marble basin, where the gold fish glistened in the sunset, she bathed her swollen lids, and went to beg some supper for Charlie, from the old house-keeper.

Alena had no mother, for Mrs. Gray, a gentle, timid creature, born only to be loved and cherished, as some pet plant, soon withered in the splendid home to which her husband bore her. It was not external grandeur which she coveted, but her heart longed with a painful yearning for companionship and love; and when Alena was but two years old, they laid her mother away in a sunny nook in the garden, and reared a splendid monument above her still remains. Its motto should have been "A Martyr," but Mr. Gray prepared a long eulogium upon her worth and excellence, and so Alena would stroll away to the tombstone, and spelling out the long words, wonder if she should ever be as good as her mother. Strange that Mr. Gray could find nothing to praise in his beautiful wife until after her death!

Alena inherited her mother's beauty. She had the same soft hazel eyes, the same luxuriant hair, so brown in the shadow, so golden in the sunlight; but that broad, white brow was her father's, and with it she possessed something of his proud and haughty spirit, but so intimate was it blended with the timid gentleness of her mother's nature, that one failed to perceive it, except when she was angry. Then the soft eye would flash, and words of withering scorn, fall from those gentle lips. She had, too, the warm, loving heart of her buried parent, embracing in its tenderness every human being, but reserving its wealth of love, to be lavished upon Charlie Graham, the orphan boy, who resided in her father's family.

There was a bitter smile on the boy's finely-curved lip, as he entered that low attic, and folding his arms tightly across his throbbing heart, he paced the small room to and fro.

"What is it to be an orphan," he passionately exclaimed. "Is it to eat the bread of bitterness, and drain the dregs of the wormwood and the gall—to have the very life-blood drawn, drop after drop, from the fainting spirit,—and the quivering fragments trampled beneath the iron shod foot of an unfeeling world! My mother! O, my mother! come back to me again, and tell me of that bright land where tears are no more!"

He glanced from the window as he spoke, but it was in vain that the sunset clouds wooed his artist eyes, and drooping his head listlessly upon the broad sill, he suffered Fancy to carry him back as far as Memory would lead him, his precious mother, her labours, her tears, that he used to kiss away.

His mother; poor being, hers was a life of disappointment of untold sorrows, her cup was filled with bitterness and woe. Sold by her nurse, she was reared in poverty as a slave, unknown, unloved save when she was about sixteen years old, when she was wooed, and her confiding heart easily won, for she had never heard words of love fall from the lips of a human being, save once, when she used to nestle in the bosom of a very old lady, probably she would surmise, her grandmother, but she had long since passed from this world of sorrow; I said she was wooed and won, (for she was very handsome,) by a noble gentleman, his name she told her, was Edward Graham. Oh, how she loved him, so noble, so loving, so generous, she never dreamed that he could be false, that he wooed, only to deceive, that he loved her only for her beauty, and to gratify his own base and evil passions. She was secretly married to Edward, and conveyed to a sequestered

portion of the town of Eldorado. There she lived in the enjoyment of perfect happiness for about ten months, when one day she strolled beyond the limits prescribed for her, by her husband, thus she wandered on unconscious of the distance she had gone, when suddenly she was face to face, with a gentleman and lady. It needed but a glance to recognize the gentleman, for it was her own dear Edward, but the lady who could she be! leaning so confidently on his arm, she was so beautiful; could it be a sister! no, he had never told her of a sister, the truth flashed upon her in a moment, he, her Edward, her husband, her all, was the husband of another.

"Great God, my Husband!" and she fell senseless to the ground.

CHAPTER II.

Away! away! my early dream,
Remembrance never must awake!
O! where is lethe's fabled stream!
My wounded heart, be still or break.

ALL NIGHT SHE lay in blessed unconsciousness, passing from one fainting fit to another, so rapidly, that life was utterly despaired of. She heard not the low wail of the tiny babe, whose helplessness appealed to the hearts of the kind friends who surrounded her; but consciousness at last returned, and with it came the agony of her situation, she turned away her face, scarcely less pallid than the snowy pillow, and prayed to die. Her eyes rested upon the babe beside her, and for his sake she asked to live, and baptizing him with her tears, she named him Charlie.

Edward watched over her day by day, hoping yet to mitigate her sorrow, for he loved her, though he had been married to another many years; but in that part of the city he was known only, by the name of Edward Graham, but his real name was Alfred Gray, and lived but a few miles from Eldorado. Slowly and wearily the weeks passed by to the stricken mother, and when at last she arose from her bed, so pale and wan, that the eye involuntarily filled with tears to gaze upon her, she found that the storm-clouds were but gathering more thickly, about her. Her husband told her all, and swore by every thing that was sacred, to be true to her, if she would not divulge his real name, that he would convey her to a distant city, and there they would live unknown and happy; but this she could not consent to. Although she had married him, and a child was born, she had no honorable claims upon him, for another was before her, she saw it all, her sin, her disgrace, (though committed in ignorance,) she knew the course that she must pursue, and she had determined to accomplish it, though death lay in her pathway. He must see her no more.

As soon as it was possible, she procured a small room in an obscure part of the city, she endeavored to obtain employment; but scanty was the sustenance which she received; and many a night when little Charlie slept the unconscious sleep of childhood, she sat far into the midnight, bending over her work, with difficulty restraining the rushing tears, lest they might soil the rich fabric, on which she toiled. bravely she struggled on; the pale mother and her fragile child, until his tenth year. Tears had been his birth-welcome, and nightly when he slept, tears bedewed his head. Life even then, seemed desolate to Charlie; although his mother's presence gladdened the old house. But when he awoke one bright morning, and called his mother, who answered not to his passionate entreaties, for one word; and when the truth flashed upon him, that she was dead—when he looked upon that still white face, beneath the coffin lid; then he felt that poverty was a blessing in comparison with this, his first bereavement.

Although she suffered on earth, and though she must leave her precious boy in a land to her of sorrow and untold miseries, she knew that there was a God in heaven. She died commending her boy to Him that had been with her in sorrow and poverty, for she knew that the silver lining for her dark cloud reached from earth to heaven.

Mr. Gray, the rich farmer, took pity (so the neighbors said, but may heaven shield us from such pity!) on the poor boy, and took him to his splendid home, immediately after the burial of the poor woman, for though he had never visited her, he never lost sight of her, and many times sent her money, but it was rejected with scorn and contempt. Charlie's old home had seemed dreary enough, but when he stood in those elegantly furnished parlors, and cast stealthy glances at the dark man, whom he called master, he longed for the small room with its single window where he used to watch the shadows as they crept across the street, and wonder if heaven was very far off, and if he should have bread enough there. He never had time to watch the shadows now, for Mr. Gray would have no idle dreamers about him, and so with a weary frame and a still more weary heart, he toiled on, with nothing, save the love of Alena, to gild his dark pathway.

All these things he mused on, as he sat alone in this lonely attic, on that bright summer eve. Little he cared for

the shadows now. They had mocked him long enough, now he had made up his mind, once for all, he would never sleep in that attic again, and as the dreamy light faded from his eye, he raised his head, and said, decidedly:

"I'll do it!"

"May I come in, Charlie? It is only me," said a soft, timid voice at the open door.

"Yes, Alena, come in," said the boy. "True, it is only you, and it is only you who cares for me in the wide world, only you that comes between me and the grave."

The young girl said nothing to this, but taking from under her apron, a plate of cake, and a warm biscuit, she placed them on the small stand before him, saying as she did so, "I tried to get some milk, but Papa was in the pantry."

"I cannot eat," replied the boy, "it would choke me; but come closer to me, and do not tremble so, I have something to tell you; and drawing her closely to him, he whispered softly, as if half afraid the walls might echo back his voice, "I am going to run away to-night."

"No you will not leave me!" sobbed Alena.

"Listen to me, Alena. We are both young; you are but a child, and I but little more, yet we are old in sorrow. Your young life is bitterness, and to mine there has been no summer. During the six years I have toiled here, how have I been repaid? By kicks and curses, such as one might bestow on a stupid beast. Blows do not hurt me, Alena, but they crush my life out. Shall I bear this? No!"

A world of scorn was centered in the one word "No," as it came from the boy's compressed lips; and drawing his slight form proudly erect, continued; "I will be worthy at least of a sister's love, someday. Can you ask me to stay?"

Looking up through her tears, with a voice all tremulous with emotion, she said:

"No, Charlie; go! but I—"

"You," said Charlie, interrupting her, "will bear up bravely with that strong heart of yours. Your father loves you. He is seldom stern to you, and I shall come back some time."

Just then a voice called, "Alena!" and with one kiss upon her bright lips, and a whispered, "God bless you!" he let go her hand, and she was gone.

Twilight draped her shadowy curtain, over the sunset clouds, and the moon came out, casting broad sheets of silver on the velvet turf, when Charlie Graham stole down from the attic. The fringed trees drooped their graceful branches as if to cool the fevered brow of the boy, as he passed beneath them, to cast a lingering glance toward the dainty chamber, where Alena pressed her pillow in a vain attempt to sleep; but a low and loving benediction seemed floating through the leafy whisperings of the trees, which nodded in the moonlight, and with a hopeful, trusting heart, the boy went on.

"Here the sun has been up this half hour, and that lazy boy is in bed yet," muttered Mr. Gray, as he mounted the stairs leading to the attic.

The door was open, and he entered the room, shouting, "get up here, you young rascal!" but there was no Charlie there. The low cot was untumbled, and the boy gone! No, it could not be,—he would ask Alena. But Alena was mute; and no traces of Charlie could be discovered. Mr. Gray contented himself with the thought, that there was already too great an intimacy growing up between the two children, he had noticed this for some time, and had made it his constant study, how to separate them, or must he tell them the relationship they bore to each other, and thus reveal his sin, and lower himself in his children's estimation?

Mr. Gray hastened to learn the whereabouts of his escaped child. Charlie knew but very little of the world, and had he known ever so much, he hardly could escape, the watchful eye of Mr. Gray, who had long accustomed himself to watching after his victims; but after Charlie, he wished not to look evilly, for he had repented of some of his evil deeds; he had now determined to send him to college, to educate him, and when he became at a proper age, to place him in active business of some kind, but above every thing else, keep him and his lawful heir, forever separated.

Charlie on leaving Summer Dell, hastened to pay a last visit to his mother's grave, the only spot on earth that he held most dear. He was kneeling down by the side of the grave, dreaming of the fair face of his mother, and when he last remembered seeing it colorless as marble, when Mr. Gray accosted him:

"Well, my little scamp, you thought to escape me, but I have found you at last."

Charlie looked up in his master's face, the tears streaming from his eyes; Mr. Gray hastily brushed a tear away, "come, boy, since you do not want to stay with me, I have determined to send you to school, what do you think of it? will you go?"

"Yes," said Charlie, looking up through his tears.

"Well, wipe up and come along, for it

is time you were in a safer place, than you are at present."

Charlie clipped along after his master, occasionally looking back to where the remains of his mother lay.

They soon entered into the public square of Eldorado. Mr. Gray walked very fast, little Charlie had almost to run to keep up with him, first along one street and then another, and another, when suddenly they stopped in front of a fashionable clothing establishment. Mr. Gray entered, leading the child by the hand, "sit down there boy," pushing him into a chair, and stepping aside with the clerk, held a short conversation with him, and then called out, "Charlie Graham, come here."

The clerk took him by the hand, and opening a side door, led him in, passing through several sets of rooms, and finally down a flight of steps, and into the basement story, calling out, "here old Maggy, take charge of this boy until he is called for."

Charlie felt very miserable, was this the school he was to go to; but the old woman was very kind, and this he thought was better than where he came from, so he sat down on a low stool, old Maggy tossing him a piece of bread, saying "there boy eat that, and do not look so sad."

Mr. Gray hastened home, and called for his daughter, he told her he was about starting on a long journey, and at a loss what to do with his motherless daughter, whom he did not care to leave with the domestics.

He told her that he had written to an old friend, a Mr. Page, stating his difficulties, and requested him to become the protector of his child, during his own unavoidable absence, and offering a handsome remuneration for the trouble, and liberally paying all expenses.

The love for her father was not a little mingled with fear. She had never been used to take those liberties with him, that more petted children take with impunity, nor to bestow those caresses that fond parents receive with such pleasure; seldom in his presence, and then almost unnoticed. She had grown used to his neglect, and though, at times, she felt just like throwing her arms around his neck, and asking him to love her, his cold indifferent manner always destroyed the warm feeling, and she went on in the same calm way, that had now become habitual.

When the hour came they were to part, it was with no small astonishment that she felt her father's tears on her cheek, as he kissed her, and placed her in the carriage; and clinging to him, she sobbed out the inquiry, so often mentally asked:

"Dear father, do you love me?"

"Too much, too much," he exclaimed. "I never thought to love again. God bless you, Alena my child;" and with another kiss, and a closer embrace, she parted from her new found father, her heart swelling with emotion, and almost repenting that she did not entreat him to take her with him, so great was her joy at the discovery of his love.

She arrived at her new home tired and weary, and was thankful to go to sleep and get rid of the fatigue and oppressive excitement brought on by her unusual exertion and exercise.

TO BE CONTINUED.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Winter Night.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Night on the highlands! Winter's dumb-mouthed night!
Frozen to stillness all the cold scene lies—
Great lonesome clouds, pale sheets of deadly white,
Wander, like mourners o'er the still-blue skies!

Frost, the dread giant of the Frigid zone,
Stalks briskly on—bound o'er with glistening pearls,
Bearing rich diamonds in his strong right hand—
Fairer than those which deck rare ball-room girls!

The great Wind Spirit trembles as he feels
The tomb-chill breath steal o'er his wide domain;
His minions' lips he in grim silence seals,
And stills his voice upon the moorland plain.

Oh, Night! cold Night! thy gloom weird thoughts entice,
Of lonesome dells, and rivers black with cold;
Of broad, bleak landscapes where long fields of ice
In the wan moonlight gleam like pallid gold!

Of heavy seas beating dark, battling shores,
Waves rising upward from their sunken den—
Bearing up from old Ocean's sandy floors,
The white, dead faces of poor drowned men—

Of Polar climes—icebergs torn up and riven!
Famine and death upon the dreadful floor!—
Of air congealed 'en as it left sweet Heaven,
And skeletons of ice in endless rows.

Oh, winter Night! may the red rising sun
Gleam on thy solemn, soul-transforming shade!
Sublimities through all thy dire course run—
Wanders the Hand Omnipotent has made!

Forgo—How does it happen that when a bill is due the acceptor is often missed?

THE TIMES

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

Positive Arrangement.

Subscribers receiving their papers with a cross mark are notified thereby that their subscription will expire in four weeks, and unless renewed within that time their names will be erased from the mail book.

TERMS:

1 Copy one year.....\$ 2.00
6 Copies ".....10.00
10 " ".....15.00
50 " ".....50.00
(to one address.)

No paper sent unless the money accompanies the order, nor will the paper be sent longer than paid for.

Specimen copies sent gratis, on application.
Address, COLE & ALBRIGHT,
Greensboro, N. C.

SPECIMEN NUMBERS: Being the first of a New Year and a new Volume, the best time to commence a subscription, we send out a number of extra copies throughout the different States, and respectfully solicit the patronage of all into whose hands a copy may fall. The TIMES is intended to be an acceptable visitant into every family and especially in the Southern States. It now modestly asks a kindly welcome. Examine the paper, the list of writers, the articles of this number, their moral and elevating tendency, and remember it is a Southern enterprise, a HOME paper.

CHIEF JUSTICE RUFFIN:—A little while ago we took occasion to congratulate our readers on the re-appointment of the Superintendent of Common Schools. We have now cause to congratulate them, and all our people, on the re-election of Chief Justice Ruffin.

This is another evidence of the growing disposition to put the best men in the high places. In this instance indeed the ties of political party were not broken through, but, we may safely say, they were disregarded. We are sure they had little, or no, influence in bringing to pass this result. The transcendent merits of Judge Ruffin placed him far above all competition; and his long experience and valuable services on the Bench, were a testimony to his worthiness which no partisan even could overlook. Few lawyers in our country have a more enviable reputation, both at home and in foreign lands, than he; and surely no other man among us has done so much to elevate and extend the judicial good name of North-Carolina.

It is alike creditable to the Legislature that it has thus recognized the great worth of our greatest Jurist, and honorable to him, that, having once resigned that high office on account of the near coming of old age, he has, with a much heavier weight of years upon him, been re-elected to it, by the unanimous voice of the Legislature, and with the unanimous and most hearty consent of our whole Commonwealth.

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.—We speak in another place of having met Mr. Hunter recently, and of the engagement made with him to furnish something every week for the thousands of little readers of The Times. To show how highly his labors are appreciated, we make the following item from the Lee Avenue Monthly Casket, published in Brooklyn, New York:

"On Sabbath evening Oct. 24th., we had the pleasure of listening to William R. Hunter, Esq., of S. C., who has been engaged for several years in delivering moral and religious lectures to children and adults. So long have we listened to an address more fitting for the occasion. It was chaste and eloquent, replete with sound arguments and illustrations touching and beautiful, and was listened to with marked attention. Long may the life of this good Brother—who has already, during his short stay with us made hosts of friends—be spared, to labor in the blessed cause, to which he has devoted his life and talents."

GOV. GRAHAM'S LECTURE:—Owing to sickness, the Lecture before the Greene Monument Association by Hon. William A. Graham, has been postponed until Thursday night, 20th inst. The Lecture will be delivered in the Presbyterian Church, and the public generally are invited to attend.

AMERICAN IRON.—An interesting discussion took place in the Senate on Monday, on the subject of American rail road iron, as compared with the foreign article; and the Pacific Rail Road Bill was finally amended as to require that only American iron be used in its construction.

How JANUARY 1 CAME TO BE NEW YEAR'S DAY.—A writer in the National Intelligence reminds us that we do not now celebrate New Year's on the day our fathers did; on the contrary, that little more than a century ago that festival fell on the 25th of March, throughout the British dominions:

The alteration was made in the 24th year of the reign of George the Second, which will appear from the following extracts of the act of parliament, entitled "An act regulating the commencement of the year, and for correcting the calendar now in use."

Preamble.—Whereas the legal supputation of the year of our Lord—according to which the year beginneth on the 25th day of March—hath been found by experience to be attended with divers inconveniences, &c.

Enactments.—That throughout his Majesty's dominions in Europe, Asia, Africa and America, the said supputation, according to which the year of our Lord beginneth on the 25th day of March, shall not be made use from and after the last day of December, 1751; and that the first day of January next following the said day of December shall be reckoned, taken, deemed and accounted to be the first day of our Lord, 1752, and so on from time to time. The first day of January in every year which shall happen in time to come shall be deemed and reckoned the first day of the year, &c.

The act also further corrects the calendar thus:

And that the natural day next immediately following the 2d day of September shall be called and accounted to be the 14th day of September, omitting for that time only the eleven intermediate nominal days of the common calendar.

In connection with this subject the writer states, and we believe truly, that in the state of Rhode Island to this day all farm and other leases date from the day of the ancient new year, namely, the 25th of March.

Private Corner.

THE CORNER sends a happy New Year's greeting to all its friends, and is so perfectly delighted at meeting with them once more, that it is exceedingly difficult to find appropriate words of cheer. But it is all right, since the many good things in this number of The Times, crowd our "Corner" up into such a little corner. This, however, is the only infringement we can ever permit upon our rights; yet, crowded ever so closely, we shall exercise the prerogative of the corner and say what we please. And, cozy friends, do you observe any improvements in The Times? Note the contents: the well studied paper on Gen. Greene; the beautiful poems; the interesting lesson of the "Silver Lining;" the well conceived and instructive story from the Bible about the Apostle Paul; the newly instituted department for the children; the interesting letters of Correspondence, &c. But, all this does not exhaust our box. There are still remaining supplies for the entertainment of these Winter evenings. Here is a well filled package of Poems from Miss Anna M. Pates, one of the sweetest and most genuine poets of America; also a poem, "The Story of the Shell," from our friend Willie E. Pabor; and we whisper, look under the marriage head. "Long and happy life." And here are poems from Eltona, Finly Johnson, A. Perry Sperry, Miss S. J. C. Whiteley, Ira, &c.—with a fine supply of prose articles and sketches from the same pens that have so pleasantly entertained us in the past.

But, before closing, we must speak more directly about the Bible Stories by Paul Rivinwood. He has promised to give us a series. These articles cost a great deal of labor, but they are compelled to please the reader. Who ever looked in upon the scene, as recited in this number, with such clearness of conception before? Bible students, especially Sunday school teachers and children, will learn many valuable lessons from this series. From the labor necessary to their proper preparation, a story cannot be furnished regularly for each paper.

A STONE EATER.—They are exhibiting a man in New York—that grand headquarters of the wonderful, as well as horrible—who eats nothing but paving stone! Here is the playard that stares passers-by of the show room:

"The wonder of the nineteenth century!—Mons. Guiset, the great stone eater. This wonderful man eats nothing but paving stones, pebbles, rocks, &c., for his breakfast, dinner, and supper. He will swallow a number of large rocks in presence of the audience. He lives and subsists entirely on the above food, drinks no ling but water, and has perfect health. Physicians cannot account for this unparalleled living wonder."

All JOB WORK, Executed with Neatness, Accuracy, and Dispatch, at this Office.

The North—The South.

A REPUBLICAN REPLY TO AN ABOLITION SPEECH.

Now let us inquire, in the name of common sense, of what avail is it to prove by statistics that we pay three-fourths of all the revenues of the Government while Southern consumers are our largest customers? Of what avail is it to prove, to the satisfaction of every politician, that we supply the South with all that they wear, from a top knot to a shoe latchet; with all that they use, from a steam engine to a friction match? The South is as necessary to the North as the North is to the South. Massachusetts annually makes six millions dollars worth of shoes. The South is her best customer. When the shoe business declines, gaunt hunger stalks through the streets of her flourishing villages.

New England is extensively engaged in the manufacture of cotton. We buy the raw material of the South, and pay in goods. When our spindles cease to whirl, the operatives are threatened with starvation. It is the spirit of a hyena that bites the hand that feeds it. It is high time to cultivate fraternal feeling between the different sections of our country. Neither commerce, manufactures nor agriculture can flourish while the two hostile portions of our country endeavor to cripple and injure each other. Suppressing we succeed in convincing the South of their dependence on us for all that they eat, and wear, and use, and thus stimulate them to establish manufactories for themselves or divert their trade into other channels, are we gainers by the proceeds?

Suppose we prove that they are indebted to us for all their literature and all their teachers, and thus rouse their hostility to our books and teachers, are we benefited in anywise? No good has come or ever will come from this mutual crimination and recrimination. It neither strengthens the party nor hastens the downfall of slavery. We hold that every State has a right to determine what institutions it will adopt.

Why, then, hoist the banner of 'No more slave States,' when the very cornerstone of our political fabric rests upon the principle that a majority of the people of every State, new or old, shall decide that question for itself?

FLORIDA IN WANT.—A late number of the St. Augustine (Fla.) Examiner, speaks very feelingly in the annexed paragraph in relation to necessities in that town:

As we are going to press there are two vessels off the bar, whether bound to our port or not, we are unable to say. We hope, however, that either they or others from some land of plenty will come in and force holders of the necessities of life to something below starvation rates. What can the poor man live on when he must pay nine dollars a barrel for flour, two dollars and a half a bag for corn; or, if he cannot raise money enough for a bag, at the rate of a dollar and a half a bushel? Has philanthropy no claims upon the merchant? Must the poor of our city pay a hundred per cent profit upon the hominy they eat, or starve?

Perhaps if philanthropy at home will do nothing for us, enterprise from abroad will come to our relief. Such a state of things cannot last long. The days of monopoly are numbered.

NORFOLK MARKET, Jan. 3rd.

Reported expressly for The Times.
By Rowland & Bros., Commission Merchants.
Flour, Family \$6.50
Extra..... 6.00
Superfine..... 5.50
Corn, Mixed 68a70
Yellow 70a75
Wheat, White 1.30
Red..... 1.10
Cotton, 11a11 1/2
Peas, Black Eye 1 3/4
Red & Bay 65a67 1/2
Lard, N.C. 12 1/2
do do 12
Fish, Mackerel 12.50
do No 2 11.00
do 3 10.00

For Every Body!
The Largest, the Cheapest,
THE BEST!!
The Times;

AN ILLUSTRATED SOUTHERN FAMILY PAPER;
Commenced its Fourth Volume 1st January, 1859. Enlarged to eight pages, beautifully illustrated and printed on the finest article of white paper, with a new Press and new Copper-faced Type—thus making it the largest and neatest paper published in the South; and equal in every respect to any similar paper published in Philadelphia or New York.

TERMS: in advance: 1 copy \$2; 6 copies \$10; 10 copies \$15; 50 copies \$50. And One Copy to the Gutter up of a Club. Specimen copies sent gratis, on application.

Address, COLE & ALBRIGHT,
Greensboro, N. C.

Editors will confer a favor by inserting or noticing.

EATING SALOON:—FRESH AND PICKLED OYSTERS, prepared at all hours, at the New Grocery Store, by W. S. CLARK. Jan. 1.

Professional Cards.

J. W. HOWLETT, D.D.S. | J. P. HOWLETT.
J. W. HOWLETT & SON,
DENTISTS, Greensboro, N. C.
1-ly.

GEO. W. COTHRAN,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR,
at Law, Lockport, Niagara County, N. Y.
105-4f.

JOHN W. PAYNE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
having permanently located in Greensboro, N. C., will attend the Courts of Randolph, Davidson, and Guilford, and promptly attend to the collection of all claims placed in his hands.
Jan. 8, 1857. 53-ly.

JACOB T. BROWN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HIGH POINT, N. C.,
Will attend to any business entrusted to his care. 111-ly.

TO LAWYERS.
A YOUNG NEW YORK Lawyer, would like to make arrangements with some respectable lawyer, or law firm, in Greensboro or any other town in North Carolina, to enter upon the duties of the profession. Would accept a situation as managing clerk, or any other, pertaining to his profession. Can give good references as to capability &c.
Address, C. G. DUNN,
New York City.

TO THE PUBLIC.—The undersigned being well known as a writer, would offer his services to all those requiring literary aid. He will write Oration, Addresses, Essays, Presentation speeches and replies, prepare matter for the Press, write Acrostics, Lines for Albums, Obituaries, and in fact attend to every species of correspondence. The utmost secrecy maintained. Address, FINLEY JOHNSON,
107f Baltimore, Md.

SCOTT & GORRELL,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
FRUITS, CANDIES, PRESERVES, PICKLES,
Nuts, Perfumery, Segars, Snuff, Fancy Articles,
etc., Garrett's new brick building,
GREENSBORO, N. C. 191-ly

ROWLAND & BROTHERS,
Commission Merchants, Norfolk, Va.
ARE prepared to receive and dispose of, advantageously, any quantity of Flour from Orange, Alamance, Guilford and neighboring counties. Many years experience with every facility and ability enables us to guarantee satisfaction and promptness in all sales. We have sold for, and refer to among others:—P. C. Cameron, W. J. Bingham, Orange; Hon. T. Ruffin, J. Newlin & Sons, Alamance; J. H. Haughton, Chatham; White & Cameron, C. Phifer & Co., Concord; C. F. Fisher, Salisbury; E. G. Reade, Person; W. J. Holmes, Rowan.
Authorized agents for the Times, to receive subscriptions, &c. 6-ly

VISITING CARDS.
R. G. STAPLES,
CARD WRITER, Portsmouth, Va., solicits orders. Cards containing two lines or less, written and forwarded prepaid for \$1.50 per pack. Cards of more than two lines, \$2.00 per pack prepaid to the address of those ordering.

A CARD.
JAMES F. JOLLEE.—Has on hand a large and well selected stock of Ready Made Clothing, Boots, Shoes and Hats, purchased this fall, and a little more besides, which he will sell cheap for CASH or to punctual customers on a SHORT CREDIT.
Oct. 21st., 1858. 146-4f.

WASHINGTON HOTEL.
Change of Proprietors.
Broad street, Newbern, N. C. JOHN F. JONES, Proprietor.

The undersigned respectfully announces to the travelling public that he has taken charge of this old and popular establishment, and is now prepared to accommodate travellers and private families with board by the day or month on the most accommodating terms.

His TABLE will always be furnished with the best provisions that home and foreign markets can afford.

The Washington Hotel has large rooms, is nearer the Depot, the Court House and the business streets than any other in the city.

An Omnibus will always be at the Depot and Landing on the arrival of the cars and steamboat to convey passengers to the Hotel free of all charge.

By stopping at this Hotel passengers will have ample time to obtain meals.
Having also a large and commodious Stable and an excellent OSTLER, he is fully prepared to board horses by the day, week or month at the most reasonable rates.

JOHN F. JONES,
January 1st.—ly.

OXFORD FEMALE COLLEGE.
The sixteenth Session will open on the first Monday in January and close with the annual Commencement on the last Thursday in May.

The School relies entirely on its own merits for patronage. In order that it may merit patronage, the number of students is so limited as to secure,
1st. The greatest thoroughness and efficiency in every department of instruction.
2d. The most judicious discipline enforced with affectionate firmness.
3d. The most comfortable and home like accommodations procured at the smallest expense.

For admission apply to J. H. MILLS,
154-6f. Oxford, N. C.

HURRAH FOR CHRISTMAS.
NEW GROCERY STORE.
Greensboro N. C. Wm. S. Clark has opened a large wholesale and retail Family Grocery Store, keeping constantly on hand every article in this line of the best quality and for the least money. Call at Rankin's old stand, east of the Court House.
Jan. 1.

LIQUORS:—WHISKIES, Brandies, Wines, Gin, Porter, Ale, Lager Beer, and Cider Royal of warranted qualities, wholesale and retail at the New Grocery Store by W. S. CLARK. Jan. 1.

Business Cards.

A. P. SPERRY, of N. C.
With WM. GRAYDON & CO., Importers and Jobbers of DRY GOODS, 46 Park Place, and 41 Broadway Street.
Wm. Graydon, James Graydon, { NEW-YORK, { Geo. H. Sperry,
Nov., '58. { 2-ly.

ARCHITECTURE.
WM. PERCIVAL, Architect,
Officers Smith's Brick Building, Raleigh, N. C., and Goddard's Hall, Richmond, Va. Will supply designs, working drawings, specifications and superintendence for all kinds of public and private buildings and houses of workshop.

With an educational training for his profession and a Practical Experience on public and private works for more than 16 years, he hopes to give satisfaction. He respectfully refers to those by whom he is Professionally engaged in this State.
The Building Committee on the Chapel Hill University Improvements. The Building Committee of the Raleigh New Baptist Church. R. S. Tucker, Esq., W. M. Boylan, Raleigh. W. S. Battle, Esq., Rocky Mt., Edgecombe County.
N. B. A large variety of original designs for churches, villas &c., can be seen at his Offices. 133-6m.

DICKENSON & COLE,
Commission & Forwarding Merchants,
Shoekoe Slip, 2d door from Cary street,
RICHMOND, VA.

SOLICIT CONSIGNMENTS OF
Tobacco, Wheat, Corn, and other Produce.
JOHN DICKENSON, { ISAAC N. COLE,
of Petersburg, { of Halifax.
January 1, 1859. (6m.)

E. F. POWELL,
WATCH-MAKER AND JEWELLER.
Would take this method of informing the Citizens of Greensboro, and the surrounding country, that he has just returned from the Northern Cities with the handsomest assortment of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silver ware and Fancy Goods, ever offered in this market, also a large lot of Confectionaries, Fruits, Cigars, Tobacco and Snuff, &c., &c.—all of which is offered at the lowest figures for Cash. All kinds of Watches, Clocks and Jewelry carefully repaired at the shortest notice, and on the most reasonable terms.

J. W. EVANS'
NEWSPAPER, MAGAZINE
and Cheap Book-Store, 10 Pearl Street Richmond, Va.
Subscriptions received for the Times.

JOHN A. PRITCHETT,
CABINET-MAKER AND DEALER IN
FURNITURE, (near North Carolina Railroad,) Greensboro, N. C.

All kinds of Cabinet Furniture—such as Dressing-Bureaus, Wardrobes, Washstands, Cottage Bedsteads, Tables, Coffins, &c.—kept constantly on hand or made to order.
Persons wishing anything in his line should call and examine his work as he is confident, from his past experience, that it cannot be excelled in any other shop.
Work delivered on board the Cars free of charge. 127-ly

JAMES M. EDNEY, COMMISSIONER.
Sole Merchant, 147 Chambers-st., N. Y.
Buys and forwards every kind of merchandise for 2 1/2 per cent Commission. Dealer in Pianos, Melodeons, Organs, Harps, Guitars, Music, Sewing Machines, Iron Safes, Pumps, Garden Engines, &c. A printed list of all the different makers, kinds and prices, sent free. Agent for "The Wonderful Pump," raising Water 150 Feet by hand. Publisher of an elegant lithograph of "Hickory Nut Falls," N. C., 9x12 in., sent free, 50c. Also, "Cherokee Physician; or, Indian Guide to Health." This invaluable family adviser should be in every house. It treats of all diseases, has a copious glossary, and prescribes the remedies from nature's bounteous stores, for all our infirmities and misfortunes. It is printed on fine white paper, handsomely bound, fourth edition, 300 pages, and is mailed free for one dollar. Also, a splendid lithograph, 19x24 inches, of all the Bishops of the M. E. Church, South, including Bascom and Capers, from original copies, approved by themselves. This splendid picture sent free on the receipt of one dollar. Also, Bennett's Chronology of North Carolina. Just from the press, sent free for one dollar.
Refer to Gove, Swain and Morehead, N. W. Woodfin, J. W. Osborne, C. P. Menchen, J. R. Dodge, T. R. Loring, Rev. C. F. Deems, M. T. Hedin, S. M. Frost, N. C. and Rev. W. M. Wightman, Andrew Wallace, John W. Story, F. F. Beattie, Govan Mills, Richard Yeadon, Esqrs., Hon. B. F. Perry, S. C. &c.
Rosewood Iron Frame Pianos, from \$150 upwards, warranted in every particular. (107-ly)

MARBLE WORKS
By GEORGE HEINRICH,
Manufacture of Monuments, Tombs, Head-Stones, &c., at reduced prices, 4 doors North of the court-house, Greensboro, N. C.
Orders from a distance promptly filled.
February, 1859. 110-ly

MANTUA-MAKING.
MRS. CRITTENDEN & SISTER
are now prepared to do all kinds of work, connected with the Mantua-making business, in the latest and best style. They are also prepared to make, trim, and bleach Bonnets. A trial is all that is asked to warrant entire satisfaction. Residence on Greene street, opposite the Old Factory.
Jan. 15, 1858. 105-ly

N. C. FREEMAN,
WITH ABBOTT, JOHNS & CO.,
Importers and Jobbers of Staple and Fancy Silk Goods, No. 103 Market Street, Philadelphia. 2-ly

BOOK-BINDER.
At the old STAR OFFICE, (opposite the PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.)

The undersigned respectfully informs the citizens of Greensboro and the vicinity, that he will promptly and punctually attend to the binding of Newspapers, Magazines and Periodicals of all kinds, and in any style, plain and ornamental, on moderate terms.
Address, J. J. CHAPLIN,
January 1-4f. Raleigh, N. C.

In 1858, forty-seven steamboats sunk, nineteen were burned, and nine exploded on the western waters. By these accidents, two hundred and fifty-nine lives and \$1,924,000 were lost.

carefully boxed, insured, and directed, insuring a very liberal percentage to the agent for his trouble. With these he will soon be able to ascertain the most saleable, and order accordingly. Address (post paid)

ROBERT SEARS, Publisher,
1-2t. 181 William Street, New York.

Extraordinary Warrant. For sale at this Office

to call on him, before purchasing elsewhere, as he is confident, that he can sell as good bargains as can be bought in this market.

Call at Potter's Drug Store where you can get it in any of its variety of forms—with a great variety of other popular perfumes and Toilet articles.

W. C. PORTER.

USEFUL INFORMATION.

CULLED AND ARRANGED FOR THE "TIMES."

An immense store of rich knowledge is at hand in the world, scattered in paragraphs and odd corners of nearly every monthly, weekly and daily periodical; and which, if collected together, culled and properly arranged, would form a volume of useful information, invaluable to the man of science, the professional artist, the mechanic, the farmer, and the house keeper.

JANUARY.—Prepare hot beds for cucumbers. As little can be done this month in a garden, we would advise the preparing of manure, and carrying it to your beds, that it may be ready to be spread on in February.

A SIMPLE REMEDY.—It is said that a roasted onion bound upon the wrist on the pulse, will stop the most inveterate toothache in a very few minutes. Worth trying.

THE DUTIES OF A MOTHER.—She should be firm, gentle, kind—always ready to attend to her child. She should never laugh at him at what he does that is cunning; never allow him to think of his looks, except to be neat and clean in all his habits. She should teach him to obey a look—to respect those older than himself; she should never make a command without seeing it performed in the right manner. Never speak of a child's faults and foibles, or repeat his remarks before him. It is a sure way to spoil a child. Never reprove a child when excited, nor let your tone of voice be raised when correcting.

HOW TO PASS THROUGH SMOKE.—Take a damp cloth and apply it to your mouth and nostrils and you can effect a passage through the densest smoke; but the surest way is to completely envelope the head and face in the cloth. The knowledge of this receipt may, if heeded, save many valuable lives.

KILLING FOWLS.—Only turkeys and geese should be bled to death; the flesh of chickens become dry and insipid from loss of blood. The best plan is to take a blunt stick, and strike the bird a smart blow on the back of the neck, about the third joint from the head; death follows in a moment. —*Poultry Journal.*

HOW TO PREVENT THE TURNIP FLY.—Two ounces of sulphur, commonly called flour of brimstone, mixed with a pound of turnip seed, will effectually prevent the fly from destroying the crop. This preventive is extremely cheap, the cost not exceeding two pence per acre. In mixing, employ a little rape oil, which will cause the sulphur to adhere to the seed; but care should be taken not to use too much oil, as that would prevent the seed from passing through the drill.

PUMPKINS.—The most effectual method of preserving pumpkins during the winter, is to select the largest and most perfectly matured, and having deposited a stratum of dry straw on a close floor, place them thereon—not so near as to touch each other—and cover them carefully with straw, taking especial care to fill in the interstices, or space between the pumpkin, till the receptacle is filled, or until you have laid by as large a quantity as your inclinations or necessities require.

CONVERSATION.—Intelligent conversation is the great charm of man, the finest solace of intellectual labors, and the simplest yet most effectual and delightful mode of at once restoring and invigorating the mind, whether wearied by study or depressed by struggles with fortune.

Looking-Glasses.

The manufacture of silvered mirrors, as at present carried on, is one of the most curious of modern arts. The process of thus silvering glass mirrors is very simple. The sheet of tin-foil, somewhat larger than the mirror, is laid upon a smooth table, and quicksilver poured over it until it covers the tin-foil with a thickness of one-tenth of an inch, or more; when the mercury has been swept by the edge of a stick to clean off the drops from its surface, the glass plate, scrupulously clean, is brought even with the table, and pushed gently forward sideways, so as to slide over the bath of mercury, its edge just dipping beneath its surface, so as to push

before it all impurities, and to exclude all air-bubbles. Weights are then evenly applied over the back of the mirror, and the whole table inclined to such an angle as to favor the drawing off of the superfluous mercury. This requires some days or weeks, according to the size of the plate. Here is an additional risk and cost in large mirrors, since the time consumed is not small, and the danger of fracture great. The amalgam sometimes crystallizes, producing imperfections which require the renewal of the whole process, and the health of those engaged in it also suffers, and is finally destroyed by mercurial salivation. —*Life Illustrated.*

A CLERGYMAN SUING FOR HIS SALARY.—A suit was tried in the Circuit Court last week, before Judge Emott and a jury in which the Rev. David J. Patterson appeared as plaintiff, and the First Reformed Dutch Church as defendants. The suit was brought to recover six months' salary, due on the 1st of July, 1858. The defense set up a plea that the Society was not an incorporated body, and therefore, could make no legal agreement for pastor's salary, and also that the services were not worth the amount claimed. The jury, after hearing all of the circumstances in the case, rendered a verdict for plaintiff, awarding \$392.68—the full amount claimed.

Salad for the Solitary.

Will it crush wood, Judgment timber: the one gives the greatest pleasure, the other yields the durablest heat: and both meeting make the best Fire.

PUZZLE.—By Marcus.

Required to plant 17 trees in 16 rows with 3 trees in each row.—Answer next week.

Answer to question of last week: Give 2 full bottles, 3 half full bottles and 2 empty bottles to each of two of them, and 3 full bottles 1 half full bottle and 3 empty bottles to the other one. Thus each will have 7 bottles, and enough wine to fill each bottle half full.

'Mister, I say, I don't suppose you don't know of nobody who don't want to hire nobody to do nothing, don't you?' The answer to this query was pretty much of a match.—'Yes, I don't.'

John wanted to know why a mouse was like a bundle of hay, and was satisfied when he was told that it was because the cat'll eat it.

An obituary, very eulogistic of a lady, says:—'She was married twenty-four years and in all that time never once banged the door.'

'The man who has no music in his soul' was last week seen listening to a sawfiler while at work. The man seemed highly delighted.

Dr. Charles Wilson has written a volume of some hundred pages, to explain the path-ology of drunkenness. Diogenes defines it in two syllables—zigzag.

It has been discovered that bread can be manufactured out of wood. Long before this discovery was made at all, wood was known to have grain in it.

A gentlemanly loafer recently arrested in Cincinnati, being questioned by the officer as to his vocation he replied:

'Sir, I am a doctor—I have cured a pain in the head of navigation, and drawn teeth from the mouth of the Mississippi!—I have anatomized the side of a mountain, blistered the foot of a hill, felt the pulse of an arm of the sea, plastered a cut on the hand of nature, and cured a felon on the finger of scorn.'

He was immediately set at liberty.

Tares in a farmer's field should never be sowed; but in his breeches they should always be.

A PRINTER ARRESTED FOR BIGAMY.—A printer has

been arrested at Woodbury, Tennessee, for bigamy. He is no true professional, or he would not have a second "take" before he had composed the first.—*Press.*

The matter can be easily explained.—The poor fellow had a "foul case," and the first "take" being "solid," he was not permitted to use "lead," and his "space-box" being nearly empty, he was excusable for taking another, for we have never known a printer who was true to his profession, that would not jump at a "fat take"—say \$10,000.—*Petersburg Express.*

'Philura, dear,' said a loving husband to his loyal spouse, who was several years the junior, 'what do you say to moving out West?' 'Oh, I'm so delighted with the idea. You recollect when Morgan moved out there, he was as poor as we are, and he died in three years worth a hundred thousand dollars.' The husband declined.



CHRISTMAS

CARRIER'S ADDRESS.

The spirit of change is abroad in the land—
It rules o'er the earth with a sceptre-like wand;
It scourges the pure—the learned and great—
The humblest of peasants—the proudest of State.
Yet, to my fancy I will not give the reign,
But speak of such changes which to all will be plain.

The Merchants are always in favor of change—
A change in the hard-times, so that prices may range
More in accordance with their 'small pile' of 'change'—
But as they work for the gain, this is not strange.

The Doctor is always in hopes of a change,
As soon as the pill has time to effect it;
But if his patient is bereft of the 'change,'
His 'devil-may-care'—who does not detect it?

The Lawyer, of course, he is after the 'change,'
And there are none I hope that will deny it;
For there's no 'case' so knotty or doubtful—
But for the hope of the 'change' he will try it.

The Mechanics, poor souls! of every hue
How hard,—for the 'change'—they will work year
by year—
They read of a change in the future, tis true,
But alas, for their pocket! it ne'er comes here.

Our Preacher, pious man, entreats us to change,
And prepare for the great change surely to come;
And you'd scarcely believe he thought of himself—
But the sequel shows clearly that he wants 'some.'

The Ladies, heav'n bless them! how they want a change,
If it only comes in the shape of a man;
But sometimes it comes (shall I say?) as old age—
But then, they will hide it with rouge if they can.

The Loafers, ah, me! what a change they have felt,
As the credit-system went out of fashion,

They roam thro' our streets, the picture of despair,
And are called 'Slaxy' in spite of their passion.

Our TIMES, too, is changed, as you plainly see,
And is prepared for another year's cruise,
Yet to make these changes has taken much 'change'—
And I hope you will say—these fellows shan't loose!

The Carrier has been true thro' many a change
And called at your door in weather dry and wet;
And now, kind Patrons, in bidding you adieu,
He has cause to hope that his 'change' he will get.

GOLIAH OF GATH.—The following account of the giant, is extracted from "Malcolm's Bible Dictionary." "Goliath of Gath was eleven feet four inches in height; his brazen helmet weighed fifteen pounds; his target or collar affixed between his shoulders to defend his neck, about thirty; his spear was twenty-six feet long, and weighed fifty pounds, his head weighing thirty-eight; his sword

forty; his greaves on his legs, thirty; and his coat of mail one hundred and thirty-six! Making in all, two hundred and twenty-three pounds.—*Exchange.*

Countless are the stones that mark the victims of flirtation. The man or woman who would trifle with the affections of another, is guilty of a crime blacker than Egyptian darkness, beside which murder

were almost a virtue. Beware, lest, when you stand around the "Great White Throne" above, broken hearts stand not before you in all their ghastliness, accuse you of their murder, and, like a millstone hung about your neck, drag you through an eternity of everlasting woe.

No woman is insignificant as to be sure her example can do hurt.—*Clarendon.*